

SUMMER

4MOST

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VOL.5 NO.3

JIM WILCOX





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

4-Thoughts & Afterthoughts

The Editors Write:

Hi, guys 'n gals!

We suppose that first bad case of sunburn is causing you a lot of plain and fancy agony. But don't let it get you down. It won't be long before it has mellowed into a deep tan and you can look forward to a summer full of fun, unmarred by blisters 'n such.

We're not going to plug a great cause in this column, gang, but we are going to request that more of you write and tell us what you think of 4MOST. We want especially to request that you give us your ideas for improvement. After all, 4MOST is being published for you, the readers, and it's your privilege to tell us just what you think about it, one way or the other! Don't forget, there's an award of \$1.00 sent to the writer of each letter published.

Dick Cole and Simba Karno see plenty of action in this issue. Life in a lumber camp is anything but dull and uneventful for them. The cover gives you an idea of what goes on. Incidentally, how do you like this cover?

Candid Charlie is with us again in this issue. Watch the fun when he encounters movie star, Nora Beasley, and he and Merkin Gerkin have the job of de-glamourizing her. It's a riot of fun and packed full of laughs.

Kit Carter gets involved in a crooked golf tournament and things go from bad to worse until . . . well, you read the story, the payoff is really something!

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

Am I mad! I just threw away a 4MOST Comic. I don't like the way Dick Cole smiles or the way Edison Bell wears his hair. Candid Charlie wears funny looking glasses. I didn't even read the Cadet.

I wouldn't have wasted this paper except that I'm so mad.

You asked for criticism!

Never yours,
Bill Dovly III
Philadelphia, Penna.

That's right, Bill, we certainly did ask for criticism. Thank you for your letter.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I am eleven years old, and I have been reading 4MOST Comics for almost four years. I like Dick Cole and Edison Bell the best. I like all the strips, but those two are my favorites.

I have a little brother and when he starts to cry, I hold him and read 4MOST Comics to him and he gets quiet. So I know he is going to be a great 4MOST reader when he gets big. I am going to try and keep all my books for him.

Yours truly,
Clyde Leroy Isaacs
Camden, Ohio

We'll be glad to welcome your little brother as a 4MOST fan, Clyde. Your system for quieting him is very interesting.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading a copy of 4MOST Comics. My favorite character in your magazine is Kit Carter, the Cadet, and not just because our names are the same. I like him because of the cleverness in the artist's way of keeping the readers interested.

The questions and answers are very enjoyable, too. My uncle, who is in one of the many Army hospitals because of malaria, enjoys reading 4MOST as a pastime and he really likes it a lot.

Yours truly,
Warner Carter
Melrose Park, Ill.

We're pleased to know that you like the Cadet, Warner. Kit Carter appears monthly in TARGET Comics, sold at your newsstand.

Dear Editors:

I have been reading 4MOST Comics for two years and it is still best on my reading list. My favorites are Dick Cole and Kit Carter. The others are swell too.

Some of the questions at the bottom of the pages are easy and some are hard, but they are all good.

I like to build the things on Edison Bell's Gadget Pages, and I also like the rhymes at the bottom of the pages.

The letters from the readers all seem to say that they like Dick Cole a whole lot and I think it would be a good thing to have a whole book about him. I am sure every boy and girl would like it. Please think it over and let me know.

A reader of 4MOST,
Ray Wood
Junction, Texas

We'll take your suggestion under consideration, Ray. Thank you for your interest.

* * *

Dear Editors:

About two years ago a friend recommended 4MOST Comics to me. I bought it and was so impressed with it that I sent my copy along to my brother who was on an aircraft carrier at the time. In a letter from him soon afterwards, he asked me to keep sending it as often as possible because it was the most popular magazine in his whole group.

I am still buying 4MOST and I find it as before, amusing, exciting, and educating. My favorite characters are Dick Cole and Kit Carter, The Cadet. They both display in everyday life, the very good traits of honesty, skill, fair play, and character.

Sincerely,
John McGuire
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sounds as though you're a real 4MOST fan, John. We appreciate your nice letter.

**BUY SAVINGS
BONDS**

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

25c will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.

DICK COLE



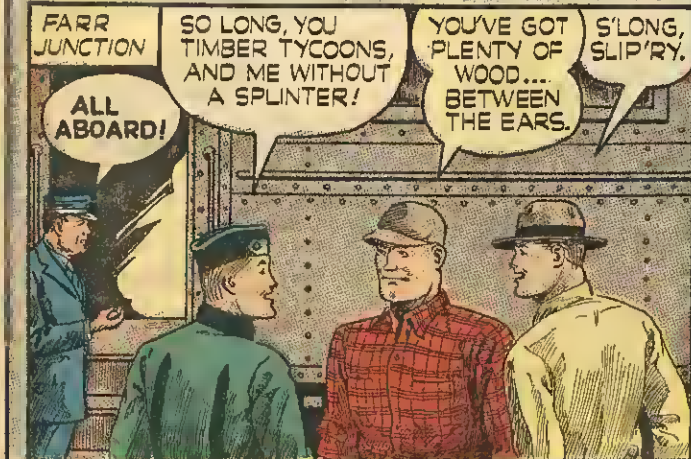
FARR
JUNCTION

ALL
ABOARD!

SO LONG, YOU
TIMBER TYCOONS,
AND ME WITHOUT
A SPLINTER!

YOU'VE GOT
PLENTY OF
WOOD...
BETWEEN
THE EARS.

S'LONG,
SLIP'RY.

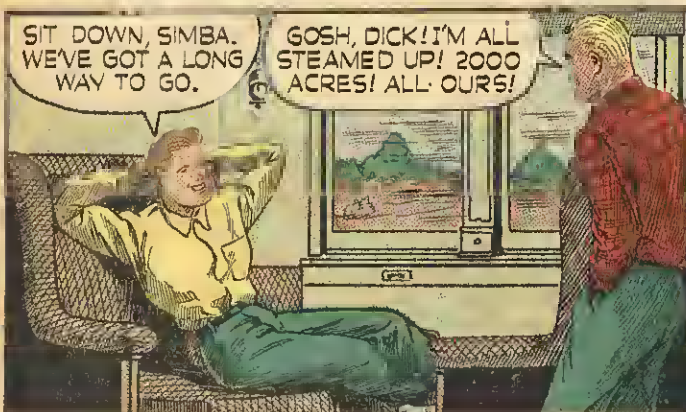


ON VACATION FROM
FARR MILITARY ACADEMY,
DICK COLE AND SIMBA
KARNO DECIDE TO
INSPECT THEIR 2000
ACRES OF NORTH WOODS
TIMBERLAND, GIFT OF
A GRATEFUL LUMBER-
MAN, WHOSE BUSINESS
HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN
SAVED BY THE BOYS.

JIM WILCOX-

SIT DOWN, SIMBA.
WE'VE GOT A LONG
WAY TO GO.

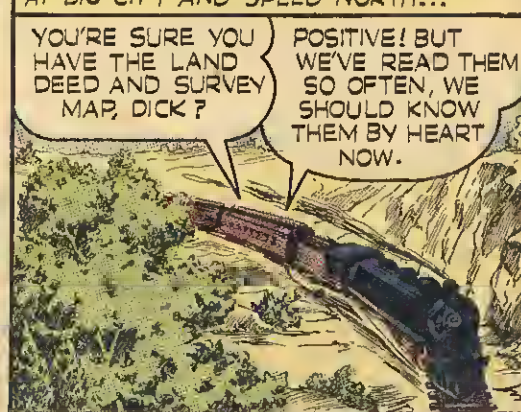
GOSH, DICK! I'M ALL
STEAMED UP! 2000
ACRES! ALL OURS!



TWO HOURS LATER THEY CHANGE TRAINS
AT BIG CITY AND SPEED NORTH...

YOU'RE SURE YOU
HAVE THE LAND
DEED AND SURVEY
MAP, DICK?

POSITIVE! BUT
WE'VE READ THEM
SO OFTEN, WE
SHOULD KNOW
THEM BY HEART
NOW.



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THE NEXT DAY.

NORTH CREEK LUMBER COMPANY

WELL, HERE WE ARE AT NORTH CREEK. QUITE A RIDE, DICK.

OUR TRACT IS WAPITI FLATS. NO ROADS... NO NOTHING. LET'S ASK THAT MAN 'HOW WE GET THERE.

WE'D LIKE TO GET TO WAPITI FLATS, CAN...

I'M YORE MAN! HOP IN, GENTS. IT'S A MIGHTY ROUGH ROAD, AND IT'LL COST FIVE BUCKS.

DID YOU SAY ROAD? WHY I THOUGHT...

YEP! A BRAND NEW ROAD TIM CLEERY BUILT TO HIS LOGGIN' CAMP. BIG COIN'S IN WAPITI FLATS.

THAT'S QUEER! I THOUGHT WE WERE THE ONLY LAND OWNERS IN WAPITI FLATS!

THAT'S THE WAPITI RIVER DOWN THERE AND THEM'S CLEERY'S LOGS A-FLOATIN' DOWN TO THE MILL. HE'S CUTTIN' VIRGIN TIMBER.

THEY JOUNCE AND BOUNCE DEEP INTO THE FOREST UNTIL, FINALLY...

HERE YOU BE, BOYS. CAMP'S RIGHT OVER THERE. CLEERY NEEDS HELP.

THANKS. HERE'S YOUR MONEY.

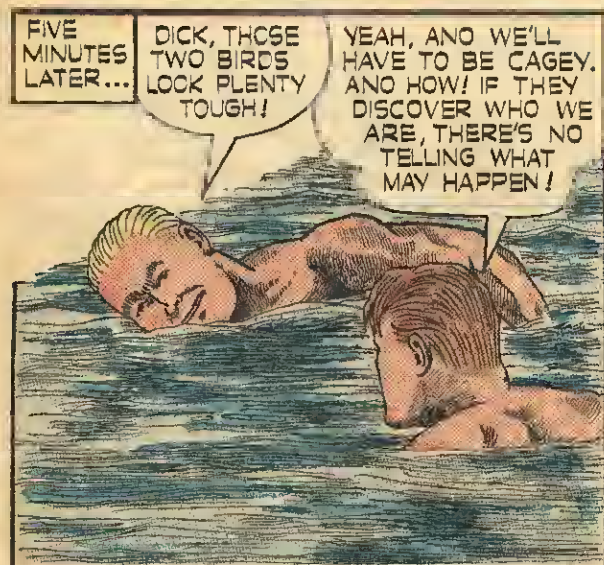
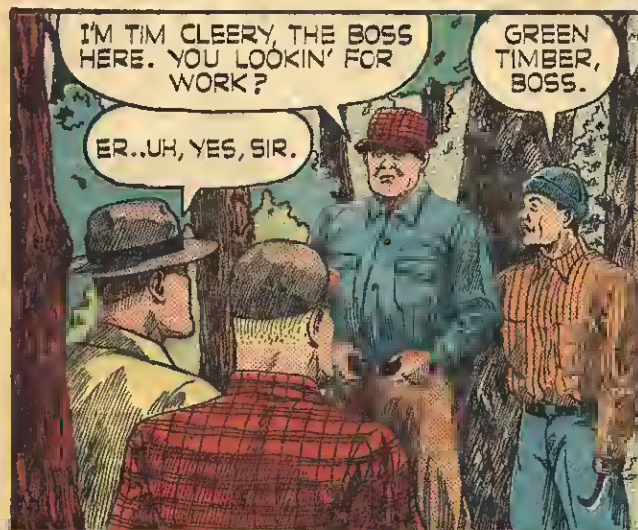
THIS CAMP'S ON OUR TRACT SURE AS I'M SITTIN' HERE!

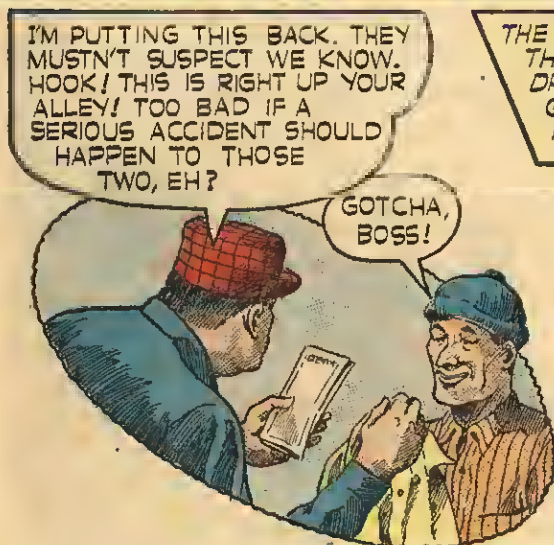
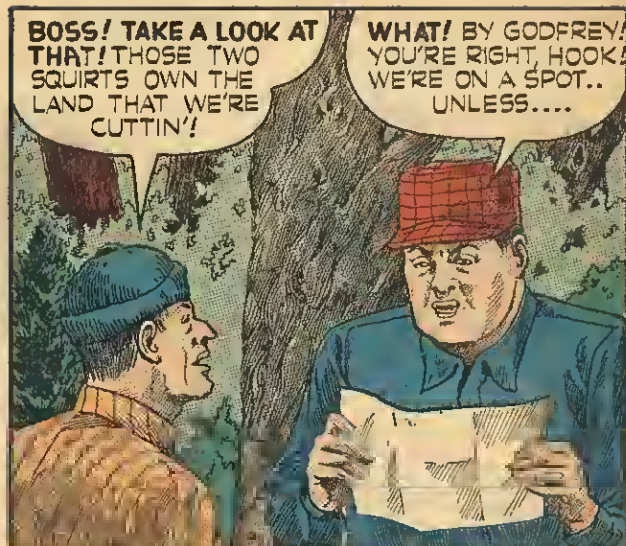
THE JALOPY DRIVES OFF...

DICK! CLEERY'S SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR TRACT, LOGGING OUR LUMBER! GET OUT THE MAP! YOU'LL SEE!

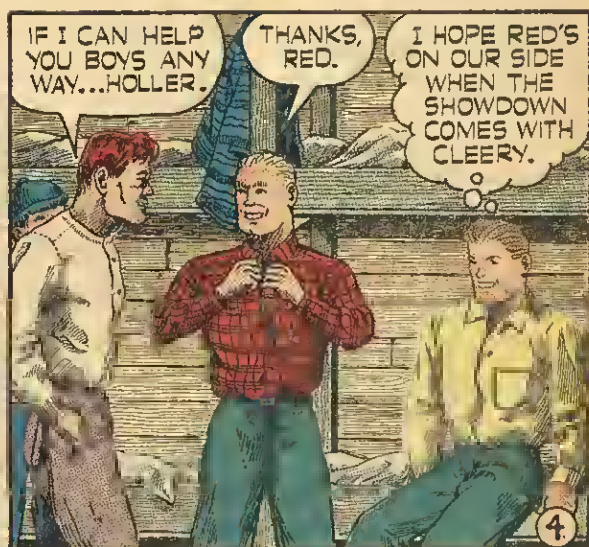
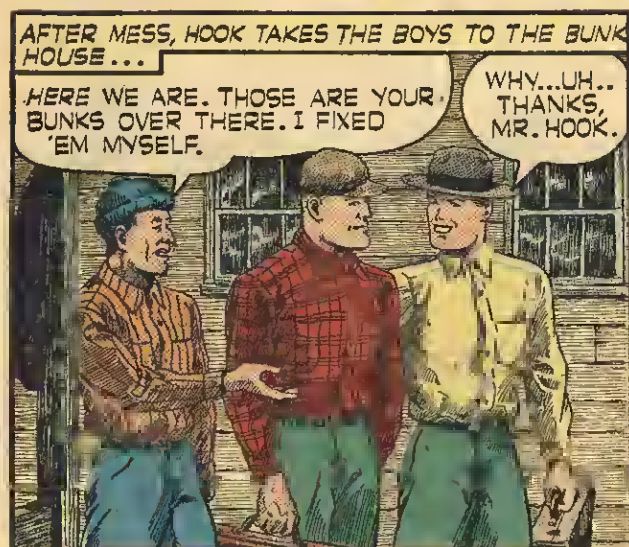
TAKE IT EASY, SIMBA! TAKE IT EASY!

QUESTION No. 1. What fictional character owned Babe, the blue ox?





THE BOYS FINISH THEIR SWIM, DRESS, AND GO TO THE MESS HALL.



FUNNY! I COULD SWEAR I FELT SOMETHING MOVE UNDER THIS BLANKET!

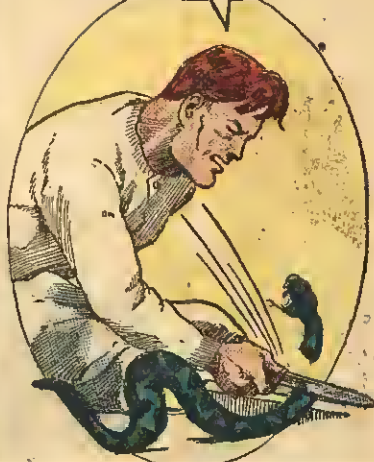


HOLY COW! I'LL SAY I FELT SOMETHING!

A RATTLER! LOOK OUT!



I GOT HIM, COLE!



SIMBA! LOOK WHAT'S COMING OUT OF YOUR BUNK!



AGAIN RED ACTS SWIFTLY...

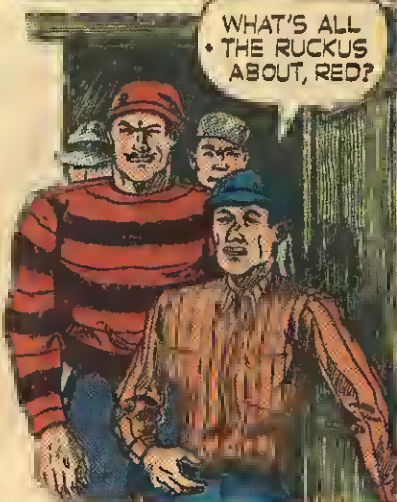
ONE SIDE! I'LL FIX THIS ONE, TOO!



AND DECAPITATES THE SNAKE...

THE BUNK HOUSE DOOR OPENS.

WHAT'S ALL THE RUCKUS ABOUT, RED?



SOMETHING SMELLS BAD! RATTLES DON'T WANDER INTO BUNK HOUSES!

YOU FIXEO THOSE BUNKS, HOOK! HOW'D THOSE SNAKES GET IN THERE, EH?

REO! ODOAN GET TOFF WIZ MY FRAN' HOOK! ME, JACQUES, I DOAN LAK' EET, COMPREZ?

SAY! YOU TRYIN' TO PIN SOMETHIN' ON ME, RED? WELL, IT WON'T WORK!



BUT, BEFORE HEATED WORDS CAN LEAD TO BLOWS, CLEERY ENTERS, AND CLIMBS ONTO A STOOL...

SILENCE! THERE'S GONNA BE NO FIGHTIN'! LOOK! WE BEEN WORKIN' TOP SPEED! TOMORROW, WE LAY OFF FOR A JAMBOREE! ...HOOK! COME OUTSIDE!



CLEERY, HOOK, AND JACQUES AND HIS PALS GO OUTSIDE...

BOUT TIME THAT OLE' BUZZARO LET UP ON US!

YEAH! BUT THEN, HE AIN'T TOO BAD, AL.

WHOOPS! JAMBOREE! LOG-ROLLIN' 'N EVERY-THING!

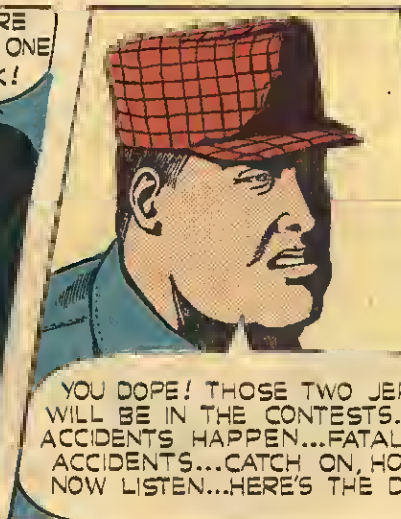
SOMETHIN'S UP, COLE! THIS AIN'T LIKE CLEERY!



OUTSIDE...

SORRY, BOSS, BUT NEXT TIME... SAY, WOT'S THE SHINDIG FOR TOMORROW?

WELL, YOU SURE BOTCHED THAT ONE UP, HOOK!



YOU DOPE! THOSE TWO JERKS WILL BE IN THE CONTESTS...WELL, ACCIDENTS HAPPEN...FATAL ACCIDENTS...CATCH ON, HOOK? NOW LISTEN...HERE'S THE DOPE...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

WOW! THIS AIR'S GREAT! I FEEL LIKE A MILLION!

YOUR LIFE WON'T BE WORTH TWO CENTS, IF WE AREN'T CAREFUL, SIMBA!



MAYBE IT'S THE SNAKES, SIMBA, BUT SOMEHOW, I'M SUSPICIOUS OF THESE CONTESTS...

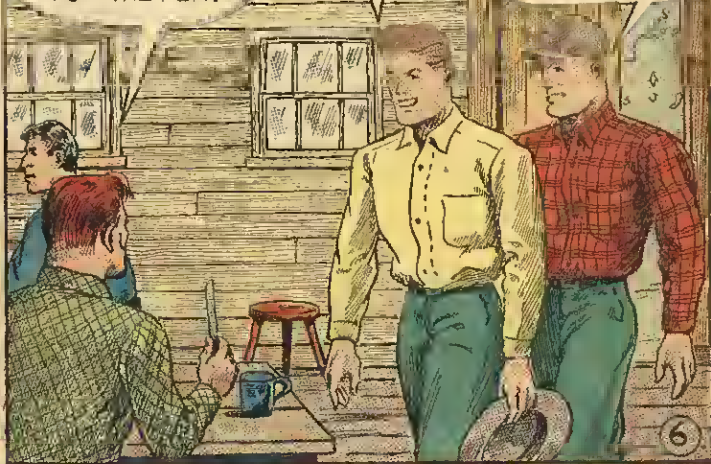
WHY? CLEERY AND HOOK DON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE, SO THEY WOULDN'T PLAN ANYTHING AGAINST US.

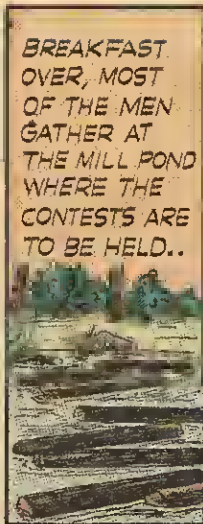


MORNIN', BOYS. SET ANO GRAB SOME BREAKFAST. READY FOR THE FUN?

THANKS. WE SURE ARE, RED.

GOSH, I'M HUNGRY OH, BOY! OH BOY! FLAPJACKS!





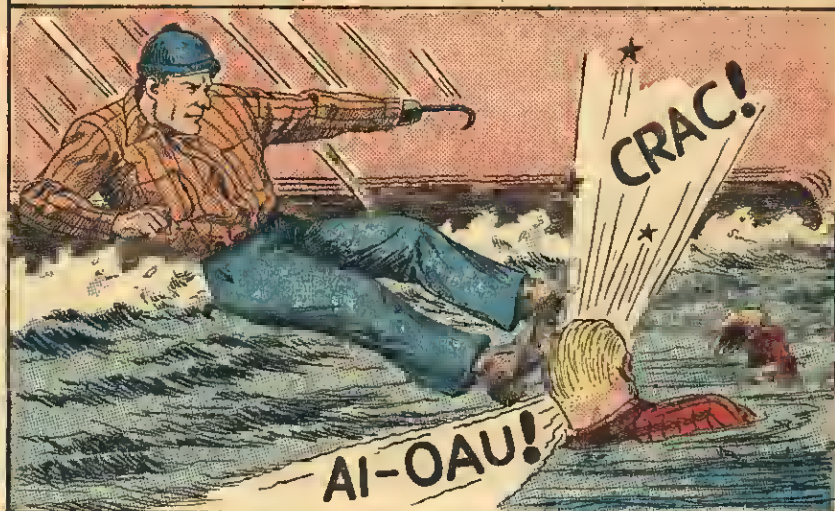
SIMBA PUTS UP A GAME BATTLE AND HOLDS HIS OWN UNTIL HOOK SUDDENLY REVERSES THE SPIN OF THE LOG AND...



WHAT THA...! IF THAT WASN'T A PHONY FALL, I NEVER SAW ONE! I'M LOOKING INTO THIS... NOW!

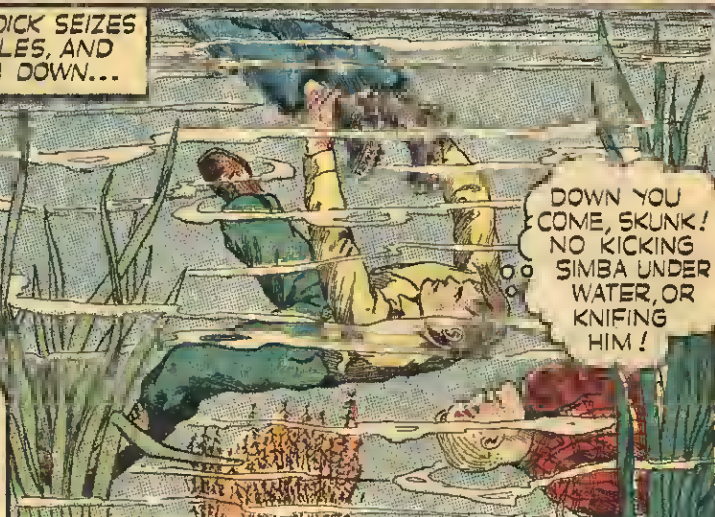
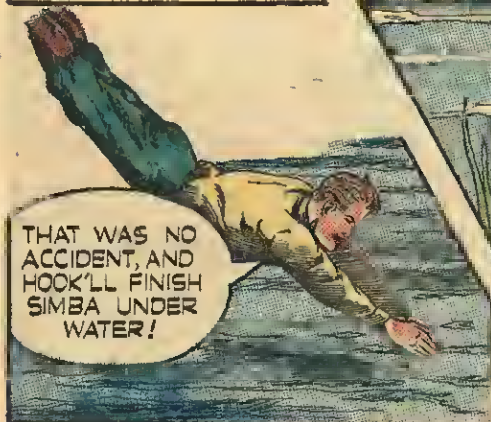


AS HOOK HITS THE WATER, HIS SHARP CALKS HIT SIMBA IN THE HEAD!

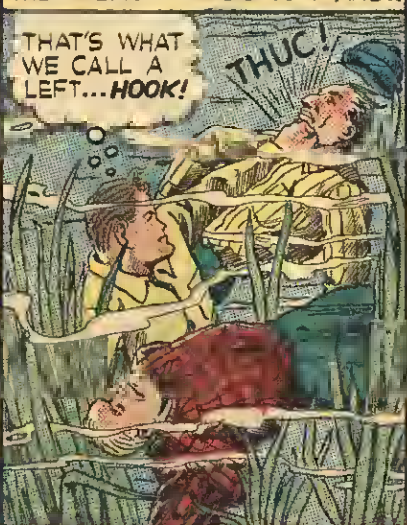


AS SIMBA SINKS BE-NEATH THE WATER, DICK DIVES IN...

DIVING DEEP, DICK SEIZES HOOKS' ANKLES, AND DRAGS HIM DOWN...



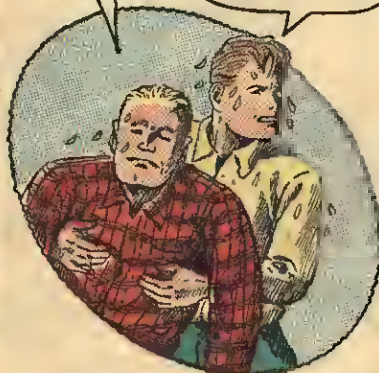
THEY REACH THE BOTTOM AND...



DICK BRINGS SIMBA TO THE SURFACE AND TO THE FAR SHORE.

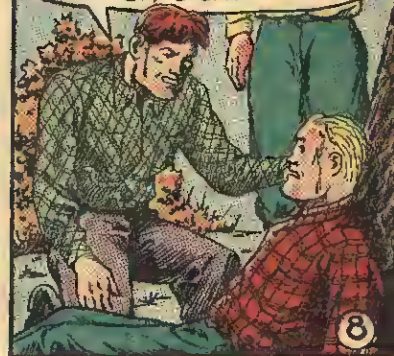
WHA...WHAT HAPPENED TO ME, DICK?

HOOK KICKED YOU IN THE HEAD! IT WAS NO ACCIDENT!



RED APPEARS.

LEMME SEE THAT GASH. HM-M..I'LL TAKE HIM TO THE BUNK HOUSE AND FIX HIM UP, DICK.



SIMBA, MY TREE-FELLING STUNT COMES NEXT. MIND IF I DON'T GO WITH YOU?

DICK, I'M AFRAID ANOTHER "ACCIDENT" WILL HAPPEN!

AND AT THIS MOMENT, HOOK APPEARS.

WHAT'S THE IDEA SOCKIN' ME AND TRYIN' TO DROWN ME, COLE?

IF I WERE YOU, HOOK, I WOULDN'T MENTION WHAT JUST HAPPENED!

SOMEHOW, HOOK, I GOT A HUNCH YOU BETTER KEEP YOUR YAP...SHUT!

SPLUT..SPT.. SPT..SPLUT..

AS HOOK SCURRIES AWAY, DICK DETAINS SIMBA.

SIMBA, ACCIDENT OR NOT, I'VE GOT TO PROVE I'M A GOOD SPORT! WE'LL NEED SUPPORT WHEN THE SHOWDOWN COMES!

YEAH, I GUESS SO. WELL, WATCH THE OLD STEP, DICK. WE'LL BE BACK SOON. C'MON, RED.

RED AND SIMBA LEAVE AND DICK SEEKS OUT CLEERY...

WELL, I'M ALL SET, CLEERY. WHO'S MY OPPONENT?

ME, JACQUES! I DOAN THEENK I GET UP ZE SWEAT, GARÇON! POUF! EET'S EASEE!

GET YOUR AXE, COLE. YOU START ON THE SIGNAL.

DICK AND JACQUES WALK TO THE TREES SELECTED.

ZE PETITE GARÇON EES ONE SILENT ONE, OUI? HE KNOW HE CANNOT BEAT ZE GREAT JACQUES.

GO AHEAD! SHOOT OFF YOUR MOUTH! I'LL DO MY TALKING WITH MY AXE, YOU BIG OAF!

SACRE' BLEU! JACQUES DOAN LAK' THAT TALK! JACQUES TAK' YOU APART!

AW, GET TO YOUR TREE! THERE'S THE SIGNAL!

JACQUES! COLE!... ALL SET? THEN... CUT!

I'VE GOT TO BEAT THAT BIG OX
AND MAKE SOME FRIENDS IN
DOING IT...I HOPE..WELL...
HERE GOES!

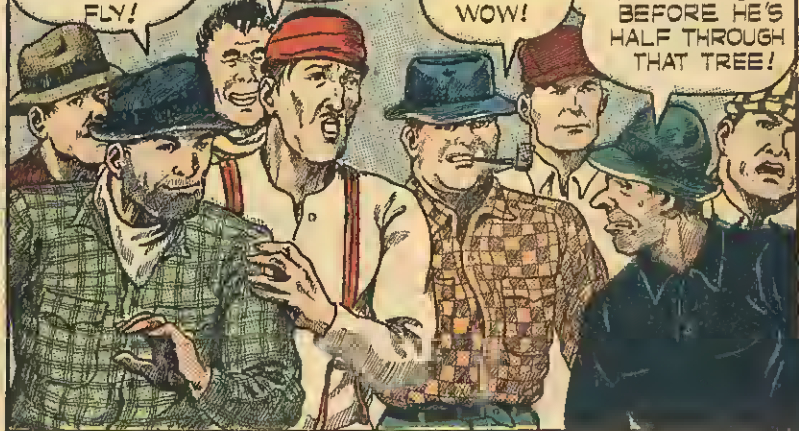


HEY! LOOK AT
THAT GREEN-
HORN MAKE
THE CHIPS
FLY!

BYGAR! HE
CAN SWING
ZE AXE, NO?

JACQUES'LL
HAVE TO WORK
TO BEAT
THAT KID!
WOW!

BAH! COLE CAN'T
KEEP UP THAT
FACE! TEN BUCKS
HE COLLAPSES
BEFORE HE'S
HALF THROUGH
THAT TREE!



MINUTES PASS...THEN WITH A
TIMBER! CREAKING, RENDING
GROAN...



AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER, JACQUES' TREE QUIVERS...
AND...

THERE SHE
GOES, BY GAR!
RIGHT FOR
ZAT COLE!
BIEN!

HA! JUST
AS HOOK
PLANNED!
PERFECT!



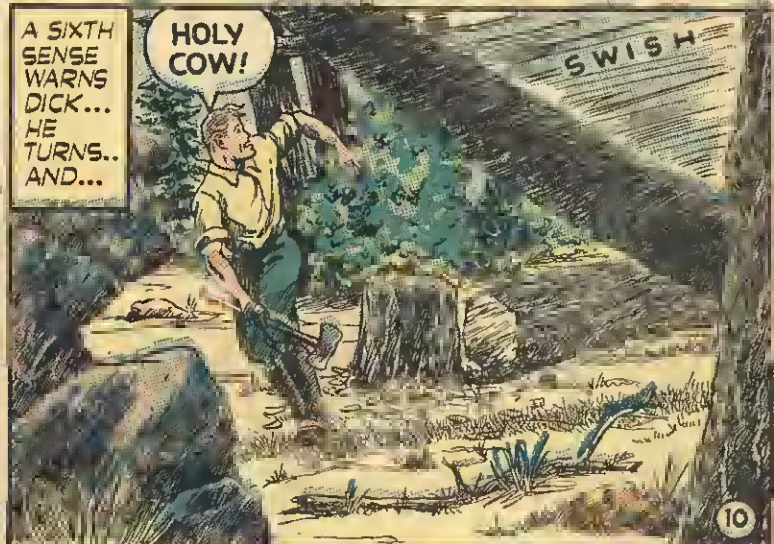
MISTAKING THE WARNING SHOUTS
OF THE ONLOOKERS FOR CHEERS,
DICK STANDS MOTIONLESS,
UNMINDFUL OF HIS DANGER...

BY GOLLY! IT
SOUNDS LIKE
I HAVE MADE
SOME FRIENDS!



A SIXTH
SENSE
WARNS
DICK...
HE
TURNS..
AND...

HOLY
COW!



MEANWHILE, AT THE BUNK HOUSE, RED HAS BANDAGED SIMBA'S WOUND AND THEY ARE HURRYING BACK TO THE CONTESTS.

THEY REACH THE CLEARING JUST AT THE MOMENT JACQUES' TREE ROARS DOWN ON DICK, UNAWARE OF HIS DANGER.

I THINK YOUR PAL CAN BEAT JACQUES.

SO DO I, RED. GEE, I HOPE THE CONTEST ISN'T OVER!

RED! THAT TREE'S FALLING RIGHT ON DICK! DICK! JUMP!!

TSK! TSK! ANOTHER ACCIDENT! GREEN-HORNS AND FORESTS JUST DON'T MIX, I GUESS!

OH..OH! DICK'S UNDER THAT TREE.. DEAD ..CRUSHED!

SNAP OUT OF IT, SIMBA! HELP MOVE THIS TREE! HE MAY BE ALIVE...

BUT A MOMENT LATER, DICK CRAWLS FROM UNDER THE TREE!

HI, FOLKS! I'M OKAY! AND I HEREWITH THANK MOTHER NATURE FOR THE USE OF ONE ROCK LEOGE!

YOU CAN THANK YOUR STARS YOU'RE NOT AS FLAT AS A PANCAKE, COLE!

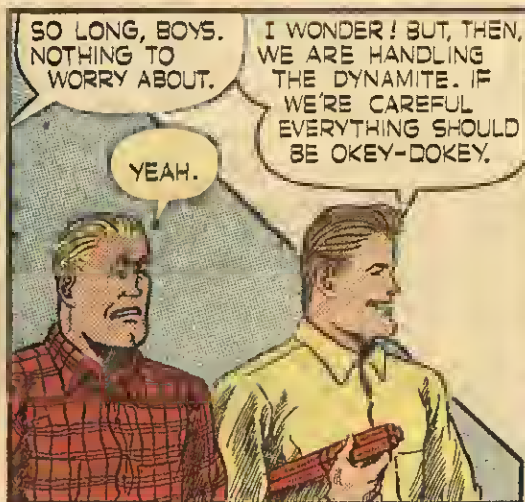
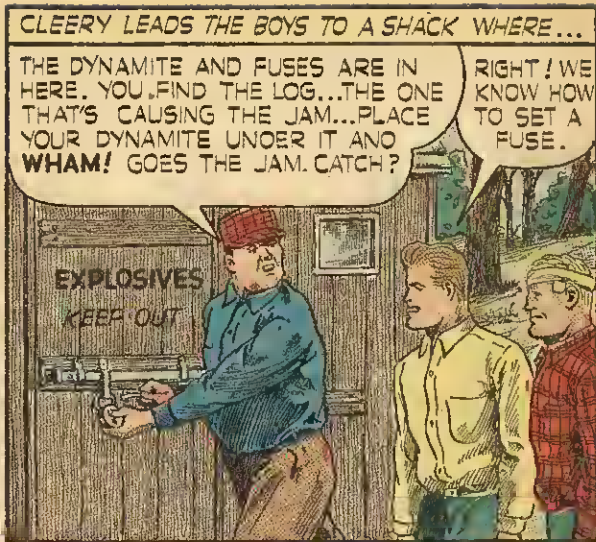
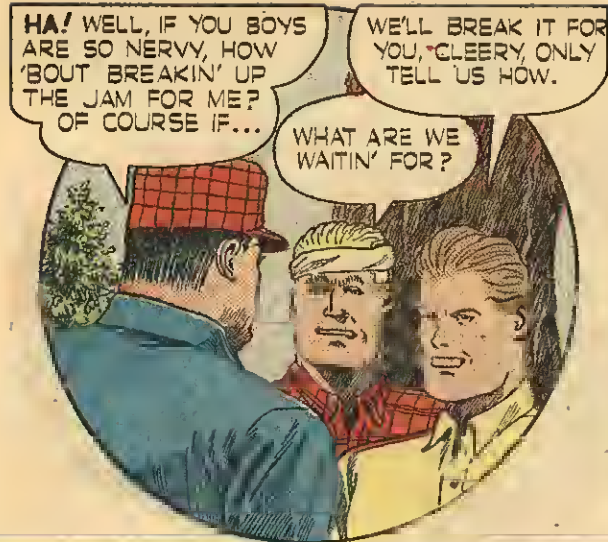
GUESS YOU BOYS WOULD AS SOON DRAW YOUR PAY, EH?

NO! WE'RE STAYING ON, HOOK. IF YOU THINK THOSE ACCIDENTS GOT OUR GOAT, YOU'RE NUTS, CHUM!

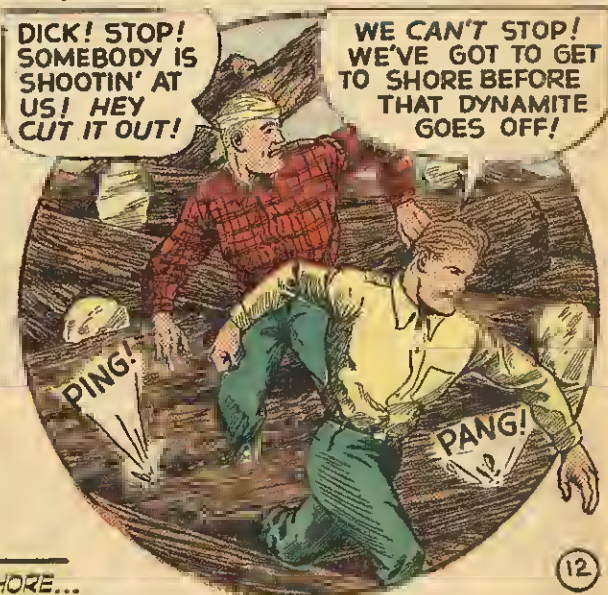
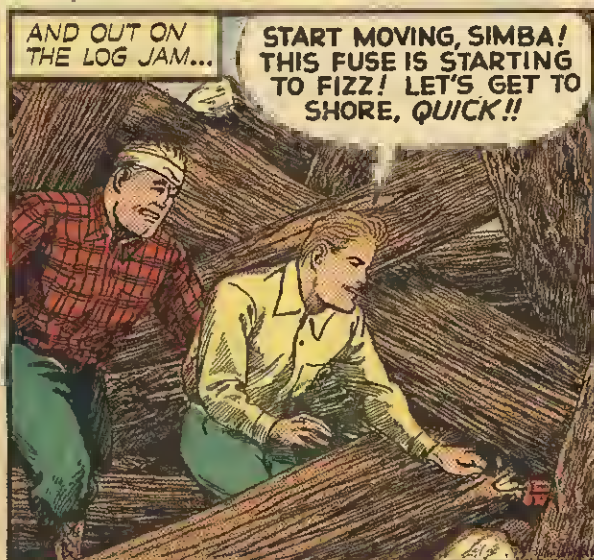
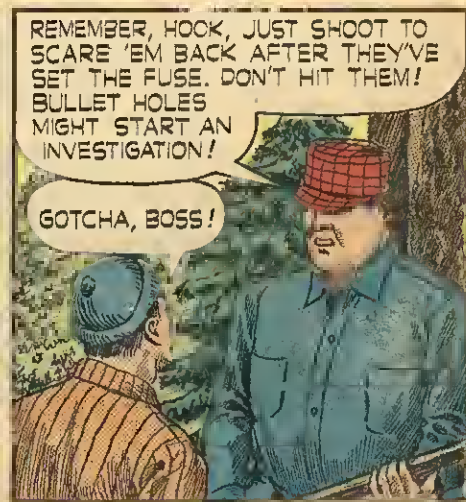
RIGHT, OICK!

A LUMBERJACK RUSHES UP...

BOSS! THERE'S A WHOPPIN' LOG JAM AT THE POINT! IT'S HOLDIN' UP THE WHOLE WORKS!



DICK AND SIMBA REACH THE RIVER AND STEP GINGERLY OUT ONTO THE LOG JAM. THEY DO NOT SEE CLEERY AND HOOK PEERING AT THEM FROM THE UNDER-BRUSH ON THE SHORE.



THE BOYS RUSH ACROSS THE LOGS TOWARDS SHORE...

GOOD SHOOTIN', HOOK. THEY'RE HUNKERED DOWN! DYNAMITE WILL BLOW IN A MINUTE AND **WHAM! WE BECOME OWNERS OF THE TIMBERLAND!**

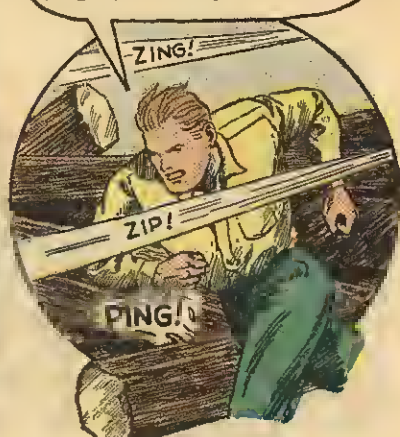


WHAT A FIX! IF WE RUN, WE GET SHOT...IF WE STAY, WE GET BLOWN UP! **WOW!**

THERE'S ONE CHANCE! STAY PUT, SIMBA! HERE I GO!



DICK MAKES A BREAK FOR IT...
IF I CAN ONLY REACH THAT FUSE IN TIME!



DICK MAKES A DIVE FOR THE FUSE

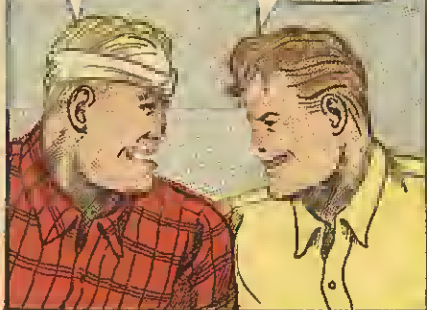
THAT'S ONE TACKLE I COULDN'T AFFORD TO MISS! **WHEW!**



DICK CALLS AND SIMBA JOINS HIM.

OICK! THAT'S HOOK AND CLEERY WHO ARE SHOOTING AT US! I SAW 'EM!

I'M NOT SURPRISED. SIMBA, WE'LL BEAT IT TO THE EDGE OF THE JAM...FAKE BEING HIT, AND FALL INTO THE WATER. OKAY?



THE BOYS BREAK COVER...

THERE THEY GO, HOOK! SHOOT TO KILL!



DICK'S RUSE WORKS!

YOWIE! WE GOT 'EM! RIGHT ON THE EDGE O' THE JAM! C'MON, HOOK, WE'LL GO BACK TO CAMP! I'M COUNTIN' ON THE CURRENT TO BATTER 'EM BEYOND ANY RECOGNITION!



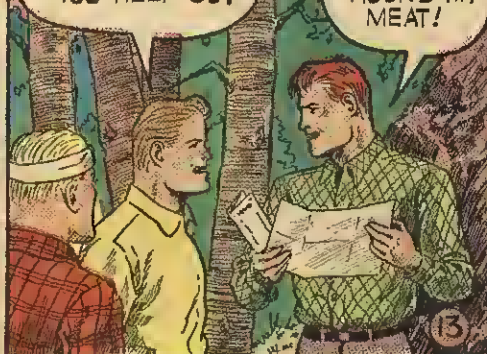
TWO HUNDRED YARDS DOWNSTREAM, THE BOYS EMERGE FROM THE WATER TO FIND THEIR FRIEND WAITING ON THE BANK...

I SAW THE WHOLE THING, BOYS, AND FOLLOWED YOU DOWN.



RED, SIMBA AND I OWN WAPITI FLATS. CLEERY IS TRYING TO STEAL IT! HERE, LOOK AT THIS MAP AND THE DEED...WILL YOU HELP US?

HM-M, WHY THAT DIRTY CROOK! YOU BET I'LL HELP YOU...AND, HOOK'S MY MEAT!



A HALF HOUR LATER, BACKED BY RED AND HIS PALS, DICK AND SIMBA SEEK OUT HOOK AND CLEERY...

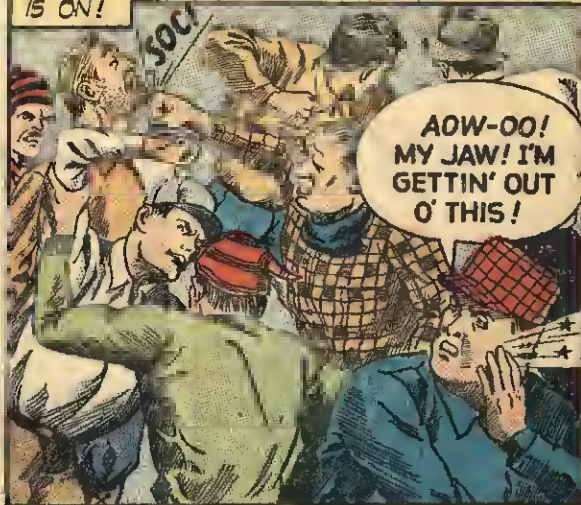
WELL, CLEERY, THIS IS IT! YOU ARE LOGGING OUR LAND! DO YOU AND HOOK CLEAR OUT, OR DO WE THROW YOU OUT?

GULP! YOU! ALIVE! NO, WE DON'T CLEAR OUT!

ZE NIZE FIGHT! SHE COME! C'EST BON!



CLEERY SWINGS AT DICK...AND THE FIGHT IS ON!



AOW-OO! MY JAW! I'M GETTIN' OUT O' THIS!

DICK! THERE GOES CLEERY! LET'S GET HIM!

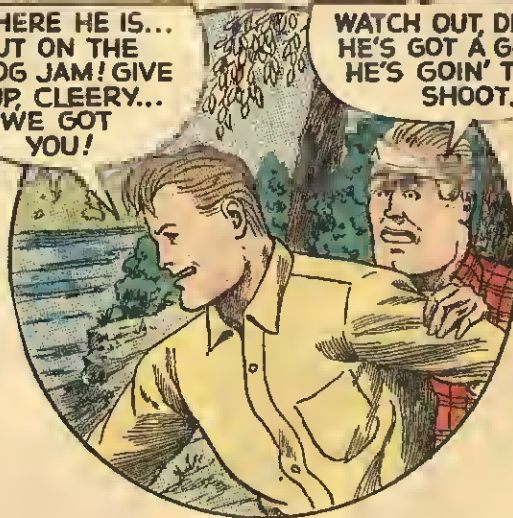
SOC!

THERE HE IS... OUT ON THE LOG JAM! GIVE UP, CLEERY... WE GOT YOU!

WATCH OUT, DICK! HE'S GOT A GUN! HE'S GOIN' TO SHOOT!



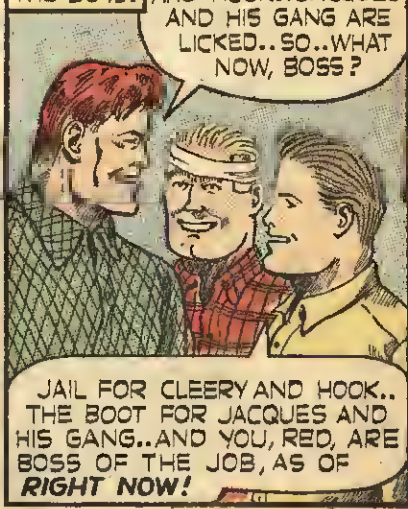
RIGHT, SIMBA, LET'S GO!



AS CLEERY WHIRLS TO FIRE, HE STUMBLES...HIS GUN IS DIS-CHARGED...

AND THE BULLET DETONATES THE DYNAMITE!

RED JOINS THE BOYS. THAT FIXES CLEERY AND HOOK...JACQUES AND HIS GANG ARE LICKED...SO...WHAT NOW, BOSS?



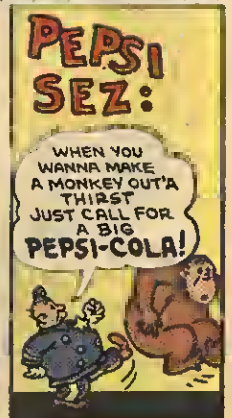
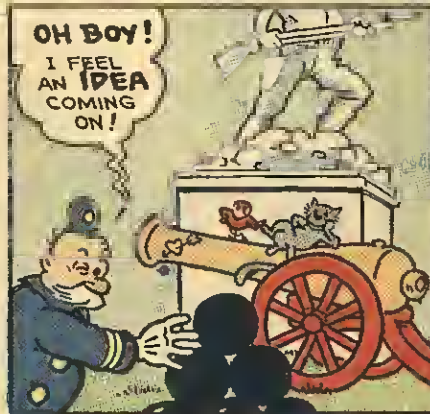
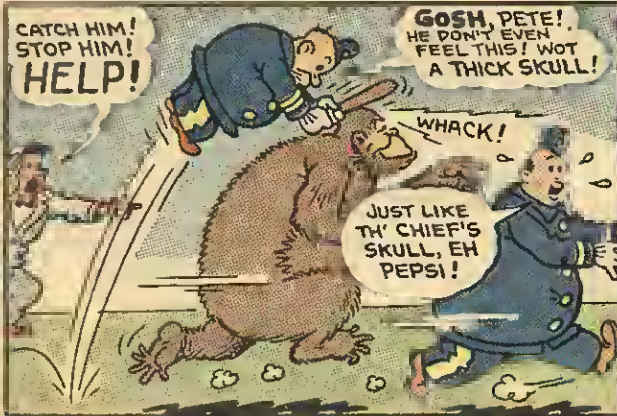
JAIL FOR CLEERY AND HOOK.. THE BOOT FOR JACQUES AND HIS GANG..AND YOU, RED, ARE BOSS OF THE JOB, AS OF RIGHT NOW!

FOR THE VERY BEST IN COMICS
READ HUMDINGER MAGAZINE

"PEPSI"...

THE PEPSI-COLA

COA



Copyright 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company

Edison Bell



LOOK, ED! I JUST RECEIVED THE FIRST LESSON OF MY NEW CARTOONING COURSE! IT'S A PIP!

AH, YES! THE BOY ARTIST! -LET'S SEE, JERRY!

BY HAROLD DE LAY AND RAY GILL

GEE, THIS IS GREAT!

YOU BET! LOOK AT THIS ONE! HA! HA! HA!

HEY!... CAN'T YOU KIDS KEEP QUIET! I'M TRYING TO WORK IN HERE!

GOLLY, DAD, WE'RE SORRY!

PSST!...HOW WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE SOME MILK AND COOKIES?

HUH?
OH, THANKS, MOM! WE'D LIKE THAT FINE!

YOU MUSN'T THINK HARSHLY OF YOUR FATHER, EDDIE... HE HAS A BIG BUSINESS PROBLEM ON HIS HANDS!

COULD WE HELP, MRS. BELL?

OH?

YES!.. BY STAYING OUT OF HIS WAY! YOU SEE, HIS GOVERNMENT CONTRACT WAS CANCELLED AFTER V-J DAY, AND RATHER THAN LAY HIS MEN OFF, HE'S TRYING OTHER FIELDS...

YOU SEE, IT'S QUITE A PROBLEM!

WE'LL STAY OUT OF HIS WAY, MOM... AND THANKS FOR THE COOKIES!

CARTOONING for KIDS

YOUR STUDIO



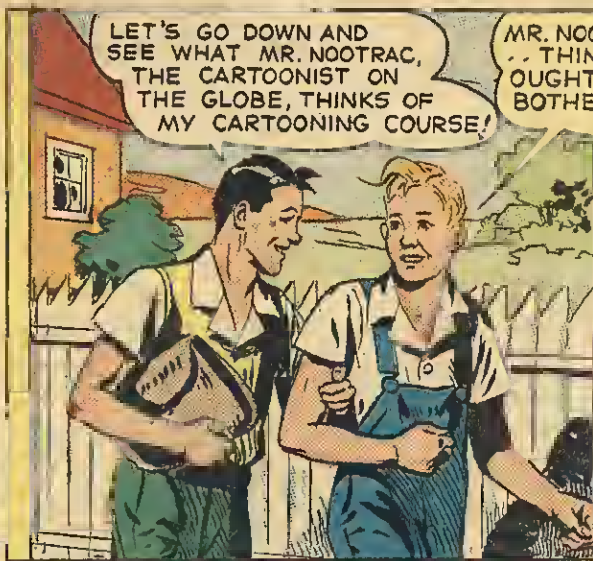
ON THE BOTTOM OF EVERY OTHER PAGE FOLLOWING THIS ONE, UP TO THE FULL PAGE AT THE END OF THIS FEATURE, WE WILL TRY TO IMPART TO YOU SOME OF THE SECRETS OF CARTOONING THAT HAVE MADE MAGAZINES LIKE THIS POSSIBLE... AND HAVE STARTED PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF ON THE BRIGHT ROAD TO FAME AND FORTUNE!

MAKE OR BUY A DRAWING BOARD ABOUT 18"x24." USE NORTH LIGHT FROM YOUR LEFT, IF RIGHT-HANDED. SET BOARD IN LAP, REST IT ON TABLE'S EDGE. USE CORNER OF TABLE TO SET PENCILS, PENS, INK, ETC. MAKE OR BUY A TILTING DRAWING TABLE LATER ON.

MATERIALS

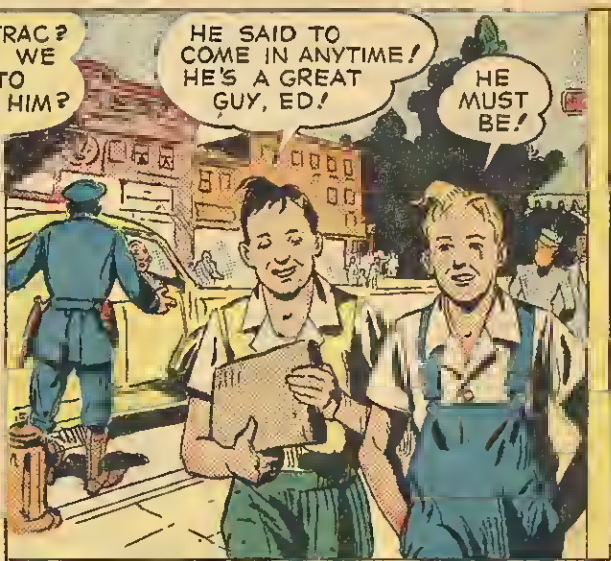


PENCILS AND ERASERS.
BLACK INDIA INK.
TUBE OF CHINESE WHITE.
BRUSHES FOR INK AND WHITE.
THREE PLY BRISTOL BOARD.
FINE PEN FOR THIN LINES.
BALL POINT PEN FOR WIDE LINES AND BORDERS.



LET'S GO DOWN AND SEE WHAT MR. NOOTRAC, THE CARTOONIST ON THE GLOBE, THINKS OF MY CARTOONING COURSE!

MR. NOOTRAC? ... THINK WE OUGHT TO BOTHER HIM?



HE SAID TO COME IN ANYTIME! HE'S A GREAT GUY, ED!

HE MUST BE!



A SHORT TIME LATER.....

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, MR. NOOTRAC?

I THINK IT'S FINE!...AND YOUR WORK IS IMPROVING, TOO!



THANK YOU! ARE WE KEEPING YOU FROM YOUR WORK, SIR?

WELL, I AM IN A RUSH WITH THIS WORK BUT DON'T GO AWAY... I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOME ORIGINAL CARTOONS!



HERE... YOU CAN BE LOOKING 'EM OVER WHILE I FINISH UP!

GEE, THANKS! BUT... ISN'T THERE SOME WAY WE CAN HELP?



...YOU KNOW... ERRANDS, OR SOMETHING?

ERRANDS? HMM... BY GOLLY, I DO THINK YOU CAN HELP! IMPORTANT HELP TOO!

I NEED AN IDEA FOR TOMORROW'S
CARTOONS. WOULD YOU BOYS RUN
OVER AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE
NEW SWIMMING POOL THEY'RE
BUILDING ON MAYOR
MATLY'S PLACE?

WE'D BE
GLAD TO,
SIR!

GOOD!.. LOOK AT IT
FROM A KID'S POINT OF
VIEW! IT WILL BE THE
ONLY POOL IN TOWN...
AND A SORELY NEEDED
ONE!

THAT'S RIGHT!
WE HAVE TO
HIKE THREE
MILES FOR A
SWIM NOW!



WE'LL BE BACK IN A SWOOP WITH
THE SCOOP!

THIS IS FUN,
JERRY!

GOOD LUCK,
BOYS!



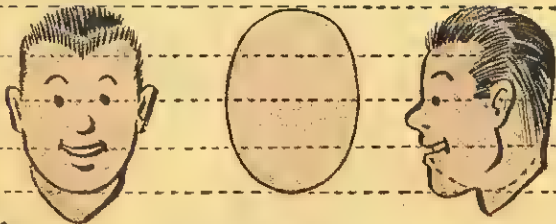
AT THE MAYOR'S MANSION, HOWEVER,
THEY MEET WITH DIFFICULTIES!

BUT, WE'RE
FROM THE
GLOBE!

I WOULDN'T CARE
IF YOU WERE
FROM THE
MOON!
BEAT IT!



DRAWING HEADS

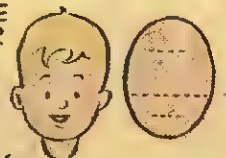


NOTICE THAT THE HEAD IS EGG SHAPED.
EYES COME AT CENTER OF AVERAGE
HEAD; MOUTH HALF WAY BETWEEN
EYES AND CHIN; NOSE HALF WAY
BETWEEN MOUTH AND EYES; HAIRLINE
HALF WAY BETWEEN EYES AND TOP.

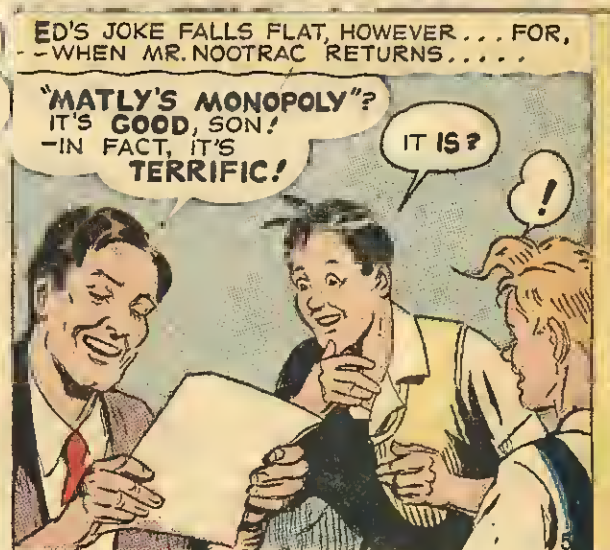
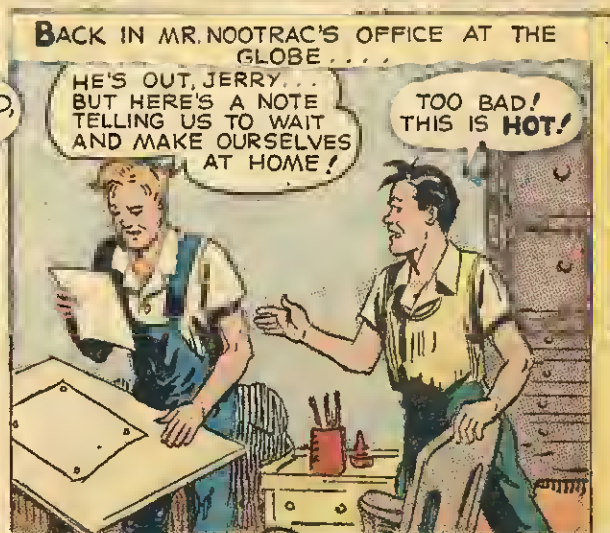
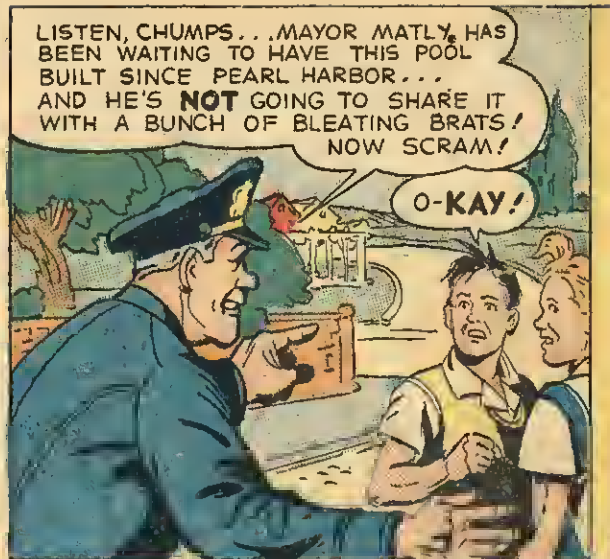


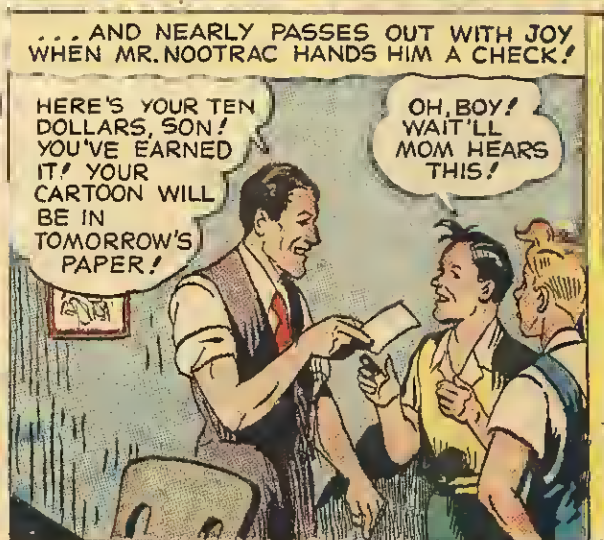
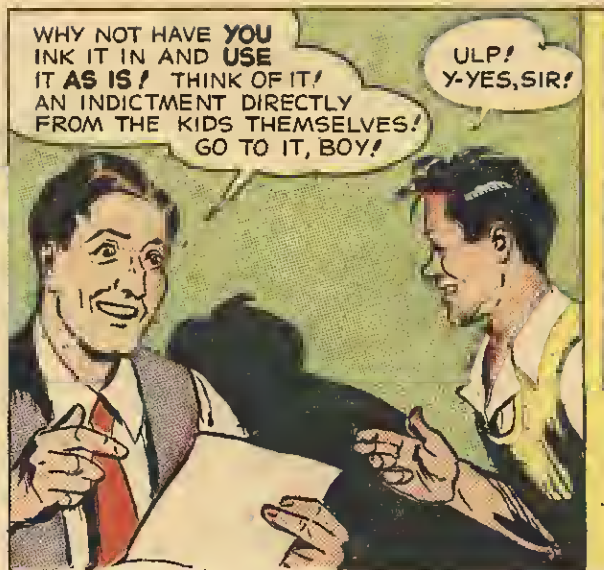
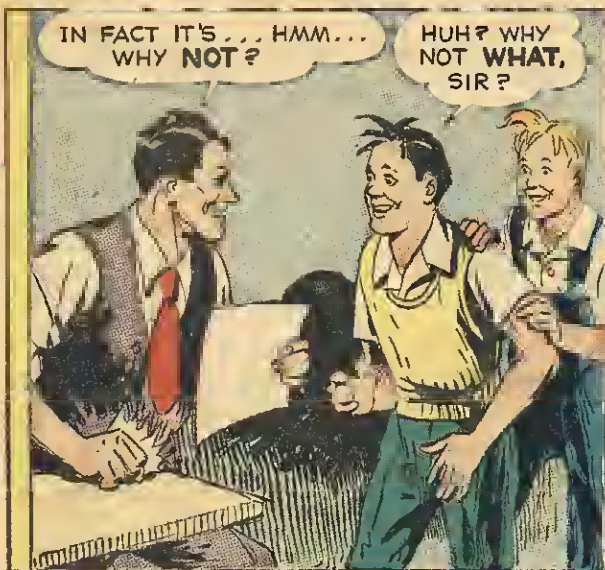
FEMALE HEAD
CONSTRUCTION
SAME AS MALE,
THOUGH
SMALLER.

A FACE CAN BE MADE
TO APPEAR YOUNGER
BY LOWERING EYE
LINE. NOTE CHILD'S
FACE ON RIGHT;
LOWER EYE LINE -
PLUS THINNER NECK.



CONTINUED

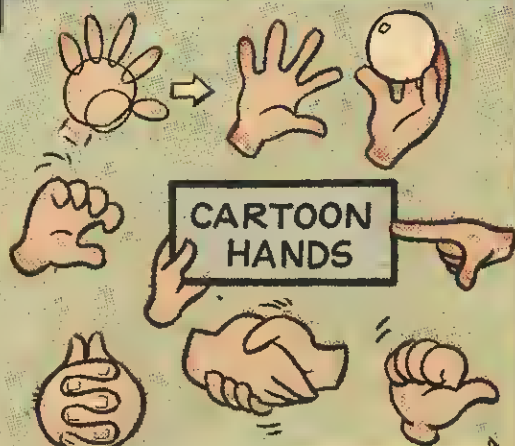




DRAWING HANDS



THE PALM IS A SQUARE, THE FINGERS ARE EXTENSIONS... BUT YOU WILL BEST FIND THIS OUT BY SKETCHING HANDS FROM LIFE, IN ALL POSES! HANDS ARE HARD TO DRAW... SO, FOR OUR PURPOSE, PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER CONCENTRATE ON CARTOON HANDS, ON RIGHT... UNTIL YOU LEARN HOW TO DRAW THE REAL THING.



CONTINUED →

THE BOYS STOP AT ED'S HOUSE FIRST,
AND TELL THE GOOD NEWS!

WHAT'S ALL
THIS ABOUT
A CARTOON?

OH... SORRY
WE DISTURBED
YOU, DAD, BUT
JERRY HERE...

YOU DIDN'T DISTURB ME...
I'M INTERESTED! LET'S
SEE IT, JERRY!

ALL I HAVE IS
THE ROUGH SKETCH,
MR. BELL... HERE
IT IS...

VERY GOOD, JERRY! IT'S...
IT'S... ??... GOOD LORD!

WHAT'S WRONG,
SIR?

WHAT'S WRONG? I'M THE
CONTRACTOR THAT'S PUTTING
IN THE **MAYOR'S POOL**! IF
THAT CARTOON ISN'T STOPPED,
I'LL LOSE THE ONLY CONTRACT
THAT'S
KEEPING
MY BUSINESS
TOGETHER!

GEE!
I'LL CALL
MR. NOOTRAC
RIGHT
AWAY!

HELLO, MR. NOOTRAC?
THIS IS JERRY... LISTEN...

YOU LISTEN, M'BOY!
GOOD NEWS! THE
BOSS LIKED YOUR
CARTOON SO MUCH
HE PUT IT IN TODAY'S
PAPER! IT'S OUT
NOW!

JERRY TELLS MR. BELL....

WELL, THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO DO...
CALL THE MAYOR AND
EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!

ULP!...
I'M SORRY,
SIR...

ME
TOO,
DAD!

DON'T FEEL BAD, BOYS! YOU DIDN'T KNOW!... THAT **ONE** JOB COULDN'T HAVE KEPT US GOING VERY LONG ANYWAY!...

HELLO? .. THIS IS MR. BELL, YOUR HONOR! YES... YES?

WHEN MR. BELL HANGS UP.. HE'S A NEW MAN!

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HAPPENED! THE **GOVERNOR** SAW THE CARTOON AND AS A RESULT, I HAVE AN ORDER TO BUILD **TWENTY** POOLS! **YIPPEE!**

THANKS TO YOU **BOYS!** YOU'VE SAVED ME FROM CLOSING THE PLANT!

C'MON, JERRY, LET'S SPLURGE! THAT TEN BUCKS WILL BUY A LOT OF SODAS!

CASH THIS LOVELY CHECK? NO, SIR! **THIS** ONE GETS FRAMED IN **GOLD!**

OKAY, **GENIUS!** HA! HA! ONLY I HOPE WE DON'T DIE OF THIRST WAITING FOR THE **NEXT** ONE!

THE END —

FUNNY FACES



CONTINUED —

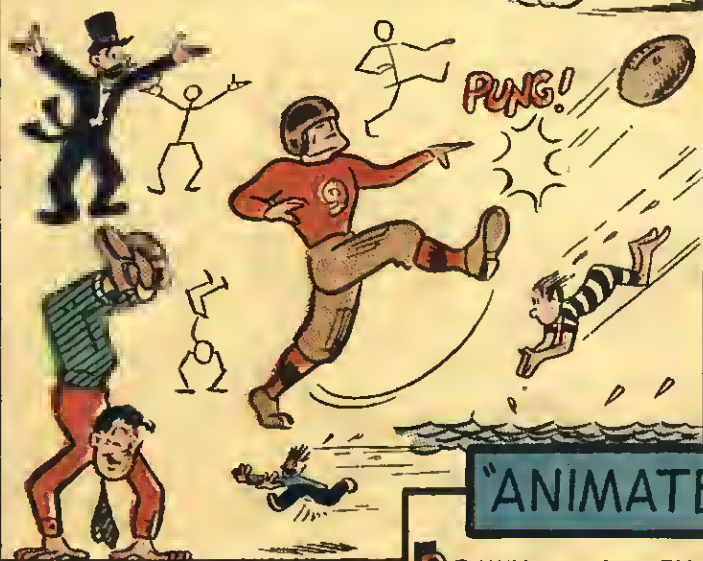
CARTOONING for KIDS

By *Ray Hill*

ACTION DRAWING



FROM STICK FIGURE TO "SAUSAGE LINKS" TO FINISHED FIGURE!



CARTOON LETTERING

BAM!

THIS IS A "CONVERSATION BALLOON."

THIS IS A "THOUGHT BALLOON."

BOO!

CRACK!
PANG!
BANG!

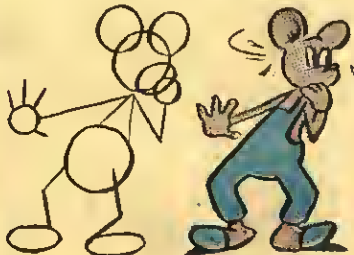
STOP!

BOOM!

THE
END

"ANIMATED" CARTOONS

DRAWN ALMOST ENTIRELY WITH CIRCLES AND OVALS, THIS SYSTEM IS USED IN MOVIE CARTOONS BECAUSE OF ITS SIMPLICITY. TRY SOME—IT'S FUN!



WELL, THAT'S ALL THE SPACE WE HAVE, SO NOW-- IF YOU LIKE CARTOONING--STUDY IT FURTHER. THERE ARE MANY GOOD BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS ON THE SUBJECT. S'LONG!

CARTOON ANIMALS



FOR THE NEWEST AND BEST COMIC
ENTERTAINMENT READ HUMDINGER

**PRIZES
for
BAGS**

Popsicle Fudgicle CREAMSICLE

AND
ICE-CREAM ON-A-STICK
BAGS

These Bags Must Read "Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp."
and Must Also Say "Save These Bags for Gifts."
No Other Bags Are Good For These Prizes.

TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
U. S. PAT. OFF.

WIZARD Play BUB-BLO

ONLY 5 BAGS
AND A NICKEL

Hours of fun playing games and
having contests. Bub-Blo makes
big, colorful bubbles that fly, float
and bounce. Just wave the wand
... or blow gently thru either
of the ring-formed ends. You get
enough Bub-Blo to make mil-
lions of bubbles. Wand included.



Any Of These Special Prizes - YOURS
For Only 5 BAGS and A Nickel!

Other Prizes, Too!

Send for Free Catalog
Showing Prizes and Number
of Bags Needed for Each



**SEND BAGS to "POPSICLE"
SERVICE DEPARTMENT**
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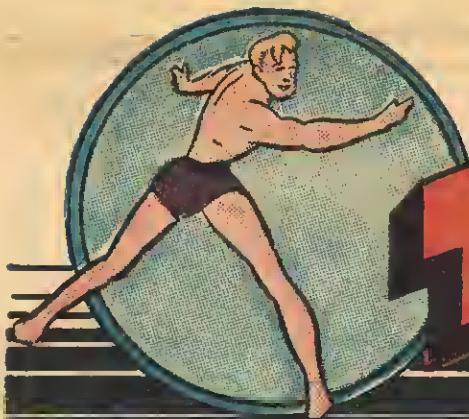
SCIENCE OF JUDO
ACTION GAMES
OUTDOOR GAMES

ONLY 5 BAGS
AND A NICKEL



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3 Books, all different titles than Sets 1, 2 or 3. This
set will be sent if other sets are not available.



TOP MAN

BY

H. BLAIR

IT'S not that I fancy myself top man with the swoon crowd, or anything like that. However, I have, in my sixteen years, managed to become the youngest football captain in the history of Carlton High; a prominent forward on a very prominent championship basketball team, a better than average first baseman, not to mention winning the county award as top track man for the season. All of this combined to make me feel fairly sure of myself, though there were moments on the dance floor when I felt like a bull moose at a Ladies Aid tea.

All this may, or may not, impress you. I'm a modest fellow at heart, but you can understand why I felt no qualms when a little guy wearing his hair in his eyes, and a corn cob behind each ear, ambled up to the coach and drawled his request for a tryout in our backfield. A couple of the guys cracked

wise about "out where the tall corn grows" and then backed down at a signal from the coach. I didn't pay much attention. After all, I was the best quarterback they'd had in years, stood a good six inches over this little guy, and besides, these farm boys are always trying for a team and then quitting for the harvest season.

The coach told him to join the scrub team for a scrimmage and then came back to explain our new plays. I didn't see much of Horace (imagine naming a guy Horace?) until the big game with Warton High. Of course, Horace was around the gym all the time and out on the field. He never seemed to be doing much and always developed a little shyness during a scrimmage. He'd kind of back away and fall flat on his face whenever anybody got near him. Definitely not backfield material . . . not material for anything outside of pitching

hay. The guys would kid Horace, but he didn't react at all, so we sort of ignored him after a time.

At the close of the third quarter of the game with Warton, I got a peach of a charlie horse in my left leg and gimped off the field to recover. I was sort of disappointed in myself and so was the crowd. We were trailing Warton by seven points and of course, I had planned (and hoped) to make a touchdown long before that. The mob howled in sympathy and I wished fervently for that good old heat treatment on the charlie. I got it . . . the heat, I mean. Of course it was a bad day all around. I'd fumbled twice and though the fans were patient, the coach was not. I hid my head. When I next took a gander at the field, there was young Horace cayusing along like a house afire, and the Warton guys knocking themselves out in his dust. Yep, he made "my"

touchdown and then went ahead to kick the extra point. And in the last few minutes of play, little Horace kicked a field goal. The crowd roared. I smiled tolerantly . . . after all, we *had* won the game, even if it was only dumb luck on the part of our little farmer.

The Warton game was the last of the season and shortly after, we started to get set for basketball. Now there's where I shone. Basketball was like a day in the country for me, one basket after another and watch the points roll up. Horace hadn't returned to the farm, as we'd expected, to help reap the crop, but he'd been in the background since he'd stolen my thunder in the Warton game. That's why I was a little surprised when he showed up in the gym to ask for a tryout with the famous Carlton five. He was pretty small to make a guard, so I expected him to say, "Forward", when the coach asked him what position he wanted to try for. I didn't expect to see what kind of a forward he turned out to be, though. He played with Junior Varsity to begin with and was so hot on the courts that they transferred him to sub for the Varsity. He was terrific!

So terrific, in fact, that he replaced Jim Becker, the only forward who came anywhere near my score for our team. I lifted an eyebrow. Horace lifted the ball into the basket so fast and so darn many times that by the time the season closed, he'd topped my score by a wide margin and I was beginning to feel like a novice.

There wasn't much time before baseball practice was to begin when I purposely ran into Horace, by accident, of course, and started a little chat on the grand old game. Horace wasn't sure he liked baseball, though he's played a little at the country school. I smiled benevolently (I thought) and suggested that he might find our games a bit fast. He said he guessed that was true. You can understand then why I was a bit perturbed when it developed that Horace was a bit too fast for our games. He had a habit of making hits with the bases loaded. Horace became the idol of Carlton High! I felt like a wallflower!

This wasn't professional jealousy, mind you. After all, I had a glorious past. The guys began to toss it to me about letting a hayseed move in, and so on. I main-

tained a stony silence and thought recklessly of smashing their heads together.

But then, track was my forte, county award as top track man and all that. My complacency was short lived. Friend Horace tied me in the four-forty, beat me in the hundred yard dash, smeared me in the mile, and broke my record in everything that followed. He also crushed my spirit.

There I was, a broken man at seventeen. Spent the summer reliving youth and those golden days when I basked in the approval of the sports fans. While suffering on the beach one morning, thinking wistful thoughts of days gone by, I chanced to hear a faint shout from a short distance out. Some poor guy was batting about like a puppy dog in the tub. He was definitely in trouble. I tore into the water and thought about a valiant rescue. Got there puffing, the undertow was terrific and it had been quite a struggle through the breakers. It was Horace! I hauled him ashore and gave him a quick going over with artificial respiration. He recovered . . . a bit pale around the gills, but smiling weakly. It struck me like a bolt . . .
HORACE CANNOT SWIM!

This may sound trite, but I want to tell you here and now, that Horace and I have become the best of friends.



BOY! IT'S KEEN

A REAL METAL RAPID FIRING

"G-BOY" REPEATING

CAP PISTOL

\$1.95

Box of 5-rolls caps
only 15c
7 Boxes \$1.00

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G-BOY Repeating Cap pistols,rolls of caps, andholsters.

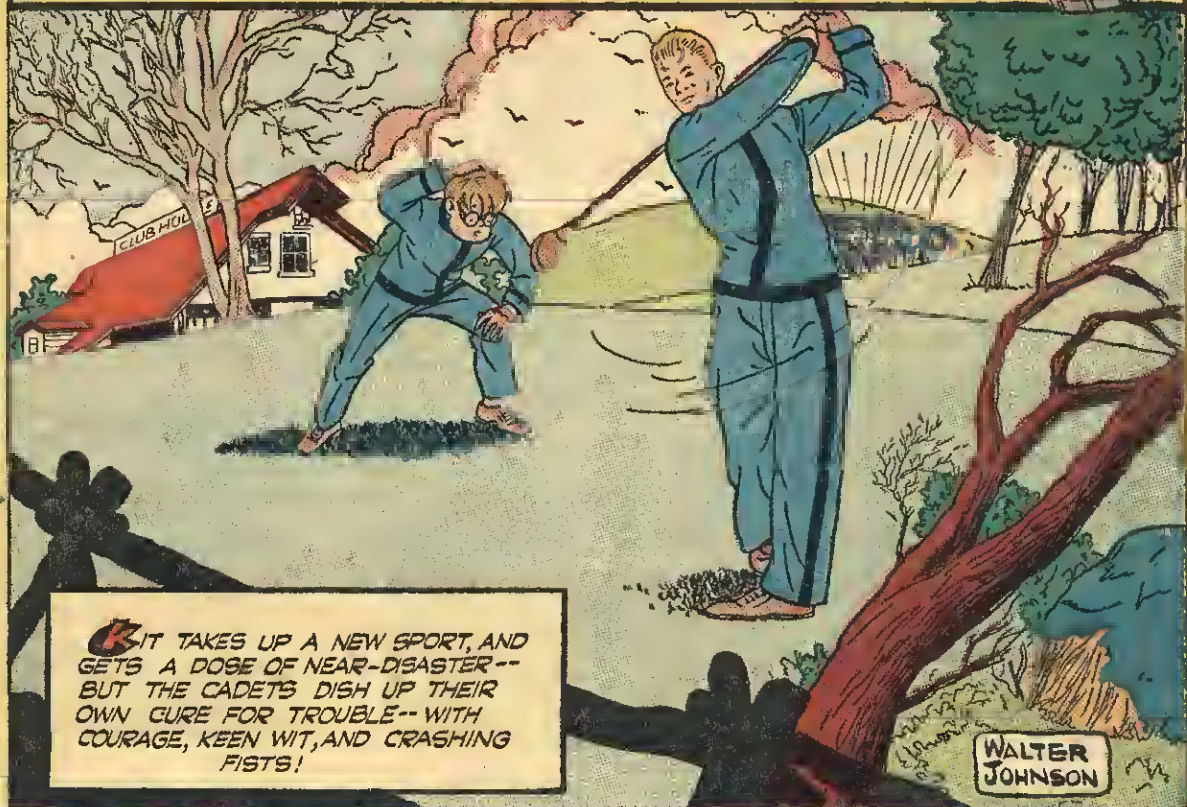
NAME.....
Please Print Name and Address

STREET OR R.F.D.....

CITY..... STATE.....

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



KIT TAKES UP A NEW SPORT, AND GETS A DOSE OF NEAR-DISASTER-- BUT THE CADETS DISH UP THEIR OWN CURE FOR TROUBLE-- WITH COURAGE, KEEN WIT, AND CRASHING FISTS!

WALTER JOHNSON

SATURDAY AT DAUNTON--

WHEW! WHAT A TERRIFIC DRIVE!



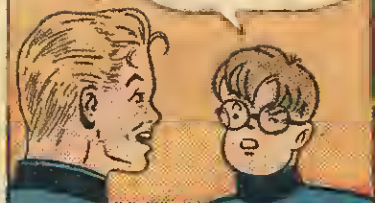
I NEVER KNEW YOU COULD PLAY GOLF, KIT-- AND WHERE DID YOU GET THE CLUB?

FOUND IT IN ONE OF THE STORAGE ROOMS...



DURING SUMMER VACATIONS I OFTEN PLAYED GOLF WITH A FRIEND UP IN THE COUNTRY.

YOU OUGHT TO ENTER THE RIVERSIDE GOLF CLUB TOURNAMENT FOR AMATEURS. IT'S FOR FELLOWS FROM 16 TO 24!



HIT THE BULL'S-EYE
BUY TARGET COMICS

AND WHAT A PRIZE FOR THE WINNER!
MR. FOSDICK IS OFFERING A SILVER CUP
AND A \$1000 GIFT TO A WORTHY CAUSE
NAMED BY THE WINNER... IT'S TWO
WEEKS FROM TODAY!

I'M NO
CHAMP, DAN.

AREN'T WE
GOING TO THE
MOVIES THIS
AFT
IN
TOWN?

KIT!!
DAN!!

WE WERE SUPPOSED
TO DRIVE IN THIS
MORNING WITH BILL
HOLLIS IN HIS
JALOPY--BUT I
COULDN'T FIND
YOU ANYWHERE!

DAUNTON

WHAT'S
UP?

BILL HOLLIS
WAS IN A
TERRIBLE
ACCIDENT! HIS
CAR WENT OVER
THE EMBANKMENT!

--HE'S BEEN
BLINDED! HE
ESCAPED
WITHOUT
OTHER
INJURIES,
BUT....

POOR BILL!
DAN, HOW
ABOUT US
GOING TO
THE
HOSPITAL?

GOSH,
YES!

AN HOUR LATER....

HIS MOTHER'S WITH
HIM NOW. THE DOCTOR
SAYS YOU BOYS CAN
GO IN FOR
JUST FIVE
MINUTES!

O.K.
THANKS!

COLONEL TILGHMAN
JUST TOLD US, BILL--
HE--HE'S---

YOU WILL SEE
AGAIN, SON. THE
DOCTOR SAYS AN
EYE OPERATION
CAN DEFINITELY
RESTORE YOUR
SIGHT!

...NOT
TO BE
ABLE
TO SEE
AGAIN...

THERE
YOU ARE,
BILL! YOU'LL
BE AS
GOOD AS
NEW!

BUT IT'S A
DELICATE OPER-
ATION, ISN'T IT?
THOSE THINGS
ARE VERY
EXPENSIVE--

NOT TOO
EXPENSIVE.
I CAN
MANAGE
VERY WELL.
DON'T
WORRY!

TIME'S
UP FOR
ALL OF
YOU!

(2)

QUESTION No 11. What great English poet became blind during his career?



WE'LL VISIT YOU SOON AGAIN, BILL. YOUR MOTHER'S RIGHT. DON'T WORRY!

SURE-- EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK SO MYSELF.



BUT...

IT'S LUCKY THAT OPERATION CAN SAVE HIS SIGHT!

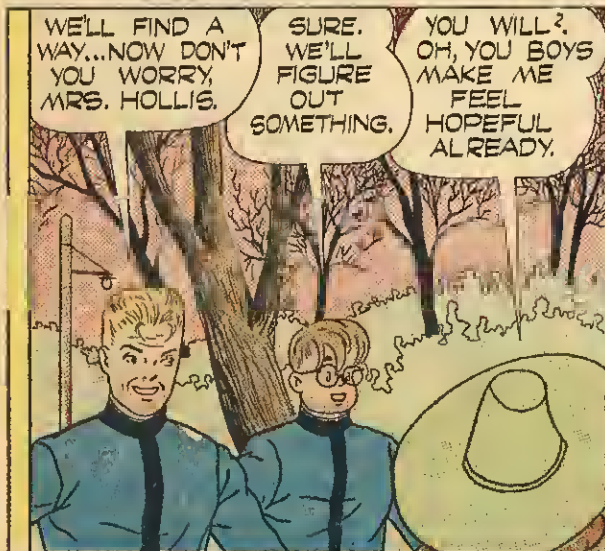
I'M AFRAID IT CAN'T!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MRS. HOLLIS?



I COULDN'T TELL BILL. THAT OPERATION COSTS \$1,000... I HAVEN'T THE MONEY, AND IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO GET IT!

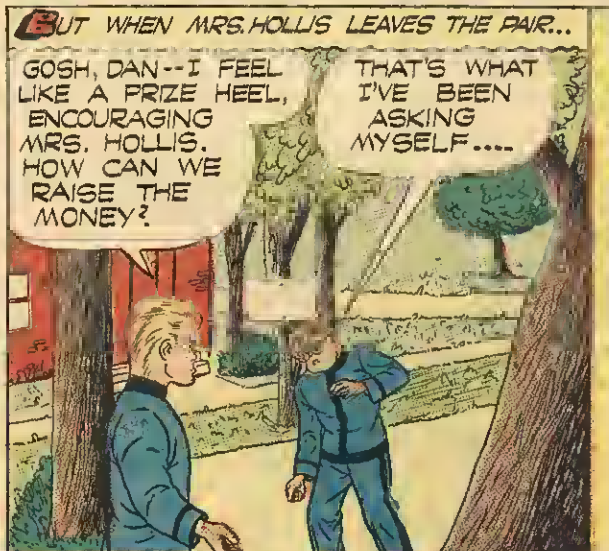
THERE MUST BE A WAY TO RAISE THAT THOUSAND.



WE'LL FIND A WAY... NOW DON'T YOU WORRY, MRS. HOLLIS.

SURE. WE'LL FIGURE OUT SOMETHING.

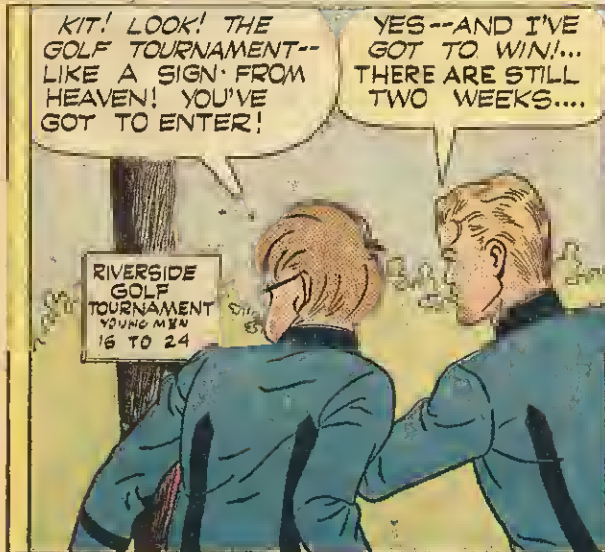
YOU WILL? OH, YOU BOYS MAKE ME FEEL HOPEFUL ALREADY.



BUT WHEN MRS. HOLLIS LEAVES THE PAIR...

GOSH, DAN-- I FEEL LIKE A PRIZE WHEEL, ENCOURAGING MRS. HOLLIS. HOW CAN WE RAISE THE MONEY?

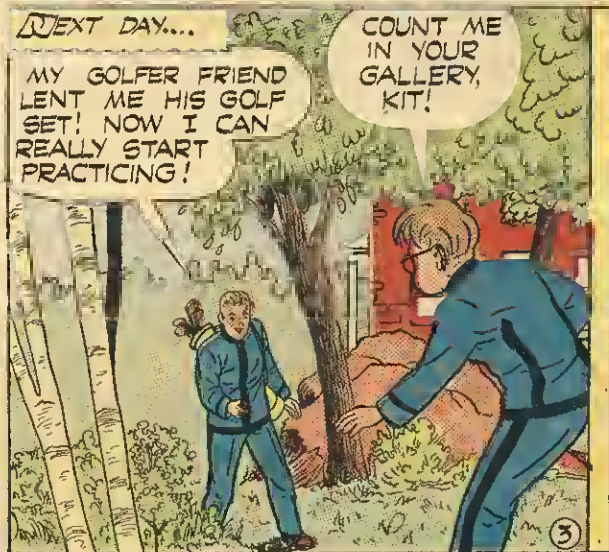
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN ASKING MYSELF....



KIT! LOOK! THE GOLF TOURNAMENT-- LIKE A SIGN FROM HEAVEN! YOU'VE GOT TO ENTER!

YES-- AND I'VE GOT TO WIN!... THERE ARE STILL TWO WEEKS....

RIVERSIDE GOLF TOURNAMENT
YOUNG MEN
16 TO 24



NEXT DAY...

MY GOLFER FRIEND LENT ME HIS GOLF SET! NOW I CAN REALLY START PRACTICING!

COUNT ME IN YOUR GALLERY, KIT!

DAYS OF INTENSIVE PRACTICE....

DOING GREAT! NOW PLACE THE BALL IN A SAND TRAP AND---

CAN'T YOU THINK OF SOMETHING PLEASANT?

YOU SURE GOT OUT OF THAT FAST AND NEAT. BOY, YOU'RE A NATURAL.

I SURE HOPE I WIN... ONLY A COUPLE DAYS OF PRACTICE LEFT...

The
WEEK-END OF THE CONTEST APPROACHES, AND KIT AND DAN ARRIVE AT RIVERSIDE CLUB. KIT JOINS THE LINE OF CONTESTANTS WAITING TO CHECK IN.

NAME AND AGE...

RED RONG - 24---

...AND I'VE SHOT UNDER PAR ON EVERY COURSE. THIS'LL BE EASY!

Kit's IT'S TURN... }

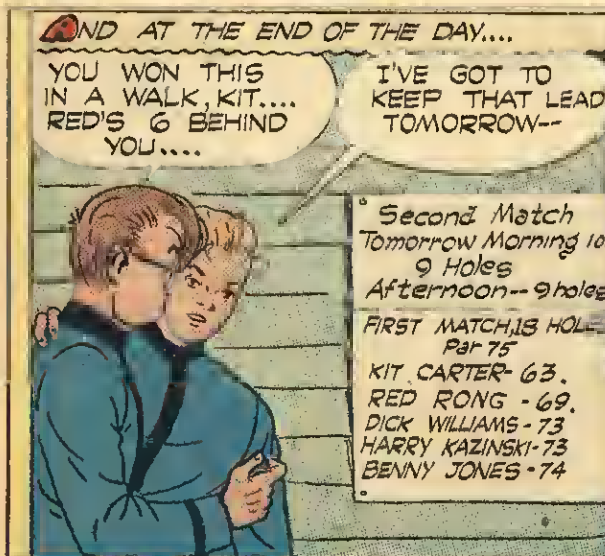
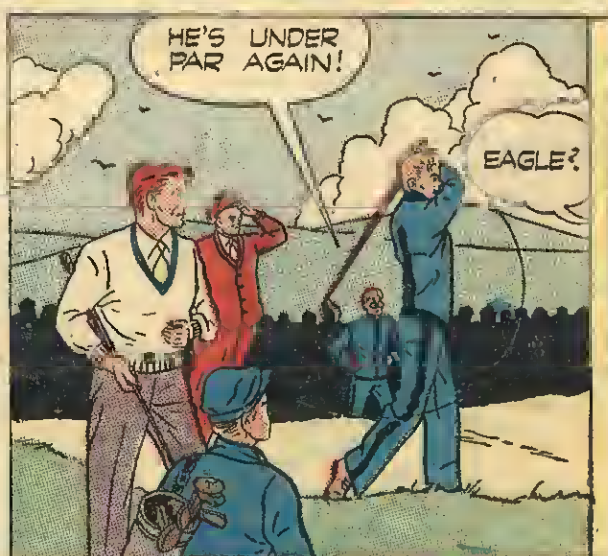
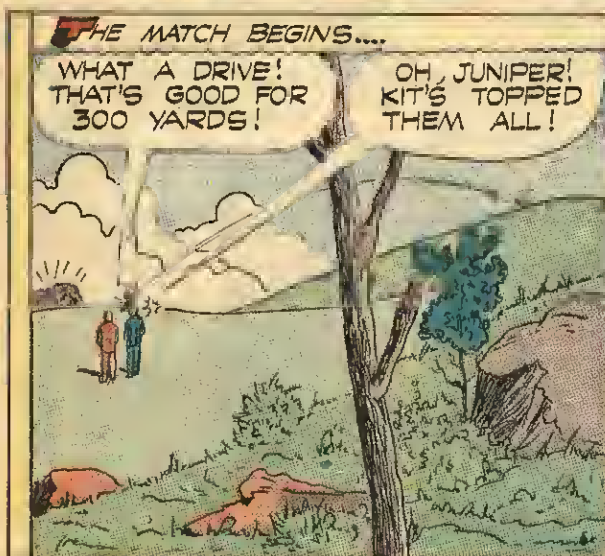
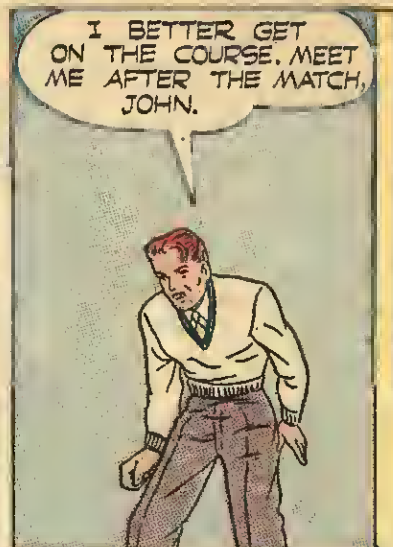
HERE'S YOUR PASS... NOW ABOUT SLEEPING ACCOMODATIONS. THE CLUBHOUSE IS ALREADY OVERCROWDED. THE ONLY PLACE AVAILABLE FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIEND IS THE CARETAKER'S HOUSE.

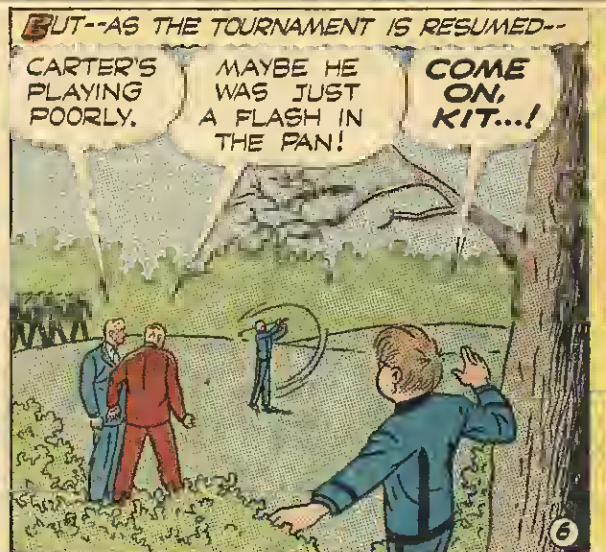
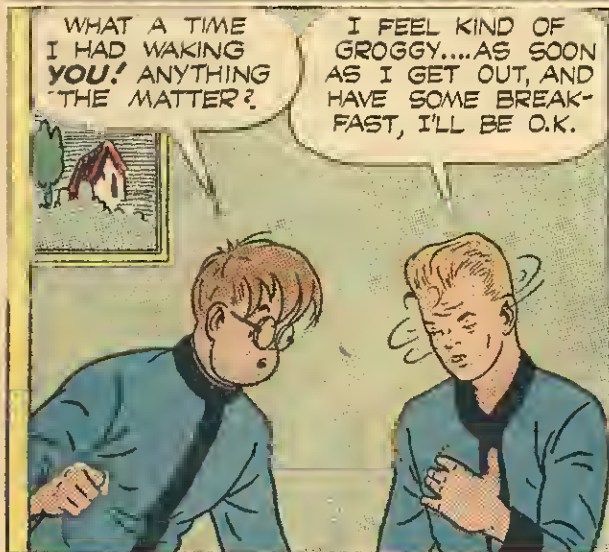
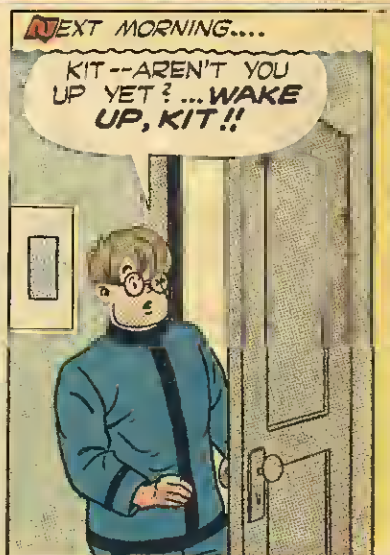
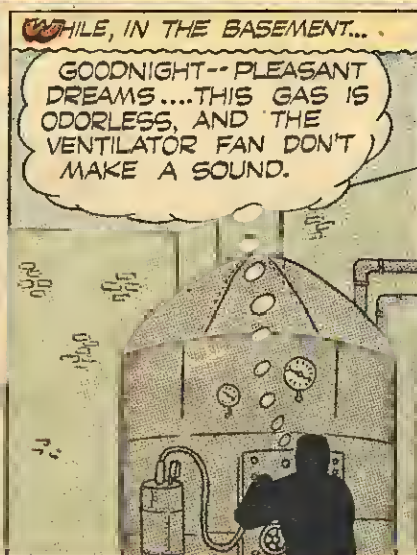
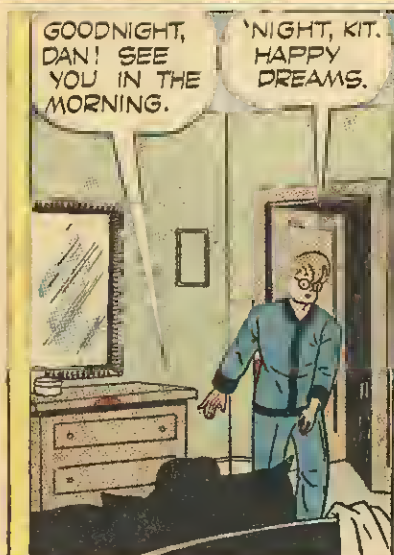
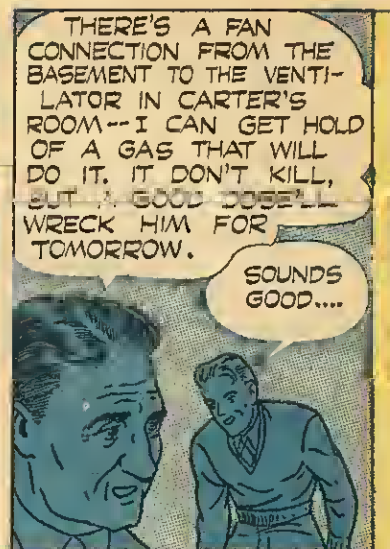
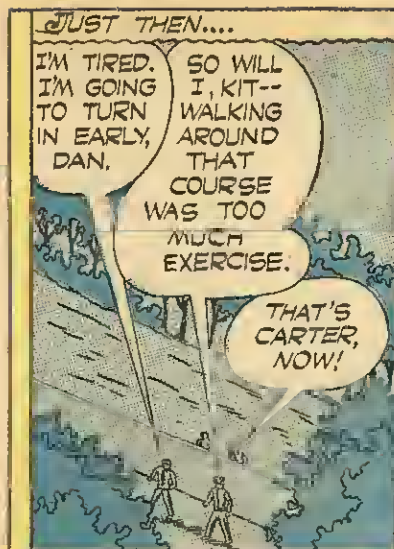
WE'LL GO RIGHT OVER, SIR.

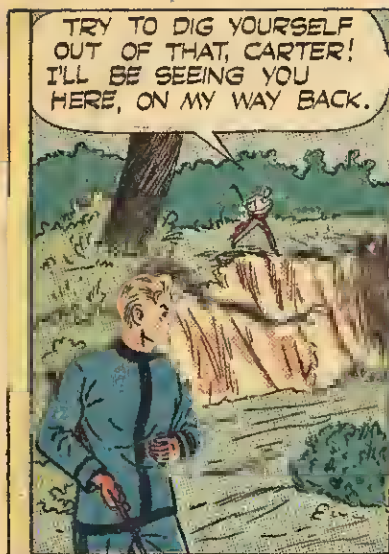
YES, I'M JOHN, THE CARETAKER. I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOMS-- TWO SMALL SINGLES ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

THIS IS YOURS, CARTER. YOUR FRIEND WILL BE RIGHT DOWN THE HALL!

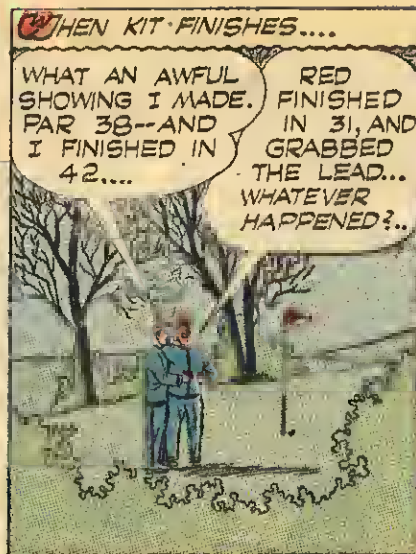
THANKS JOHN... THE FIRST MATCH STARTS IN AN HOUR-- I'D BETTER GET READY.







TRY TO DIG YOURSELF OUT OF THAT, CARTER! I'LL BE SEEING YOU HERE, ON MY WAY BACK.



WHEN KIT FINISHES....

WHAT AN AWFUL SHOWING I MADE. FAR 38--AND I FINISHED IN 42....

RED FINISHED IN 31, AND GRABBED THE LEAD... WHATEVER HAPPENED?..



I FELT AWFUL--MY HEAD ACHED--MY EYES WERE BLURRED-- I'LL GO AND SHOWER---

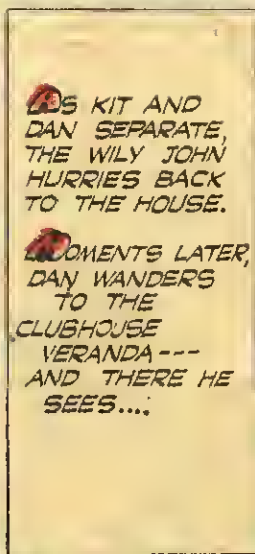
YOU PLAYED BETTER TOWARD THE LAST.



AFTER YOUR SHOWER, WHY NOT TAKE A NAP BEFORE THE AFTERNOON'S PLAY. YOU'VE GOT A COUPLE OF HOURS--IT'LL FIX YOU UP.

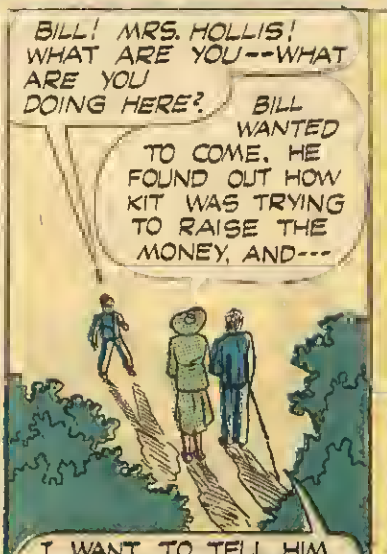
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA.

I'LL FIX HIM UP WITH ANOTHER GAS DOSE. THAT ONE'S WEARING OFF ---



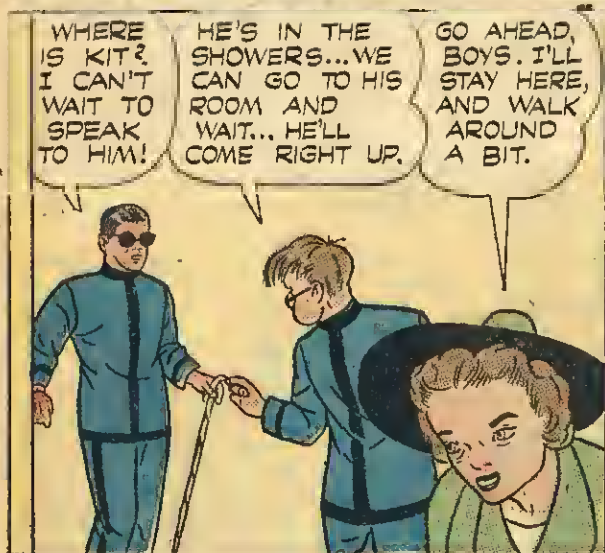
AS KIT AND DAN SEPARATE, THE WILY JOHN HURRIES BACK TO THE HOUSE.

MOMENTS LATER, DAN WANDERS TO THE CLUBHOUSE VERANDA--- AND THERE HE SEES....



BILL! MRS. HOLLIS! WHAT ARE YOU--WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

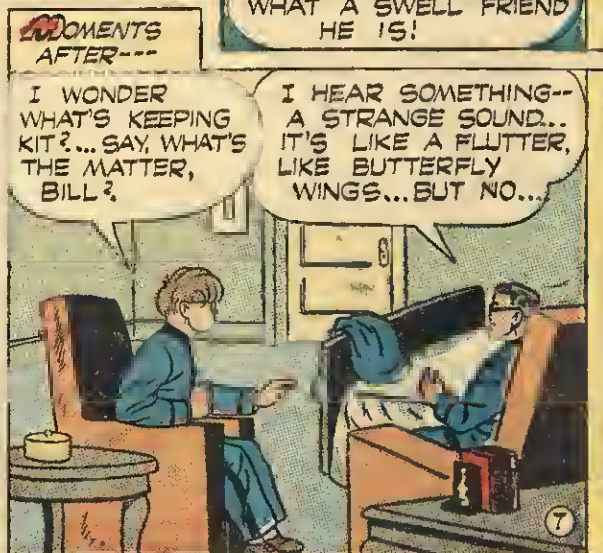
BILL WANTED TO COME. HE FOUND OUT HOW KIT WAS TRYING TO RAISE THE MONEY, AND---



WHERE IS KIT? I CAN'T WAIT TO SPEAK TO HIM!

HE'S IN THE SHOWERS...WE CAN GO TO HIS ROOM AND WAIT... HE'LL COME RIGHT UP.

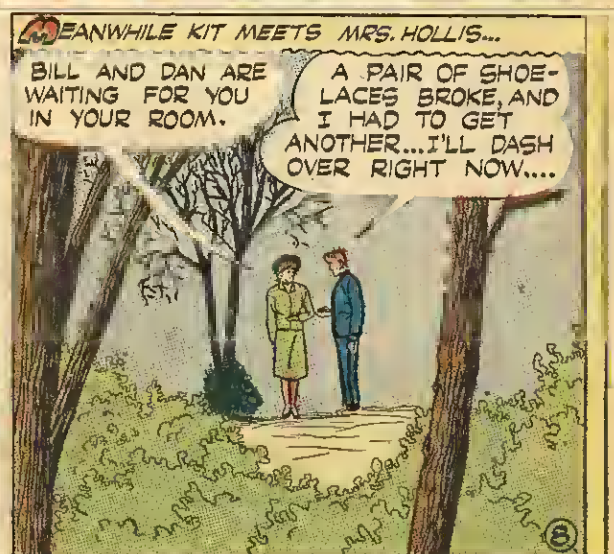
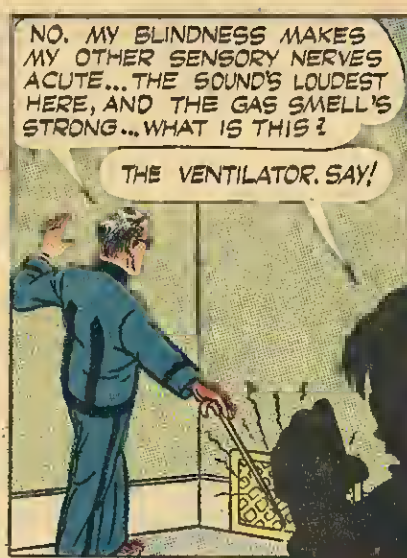
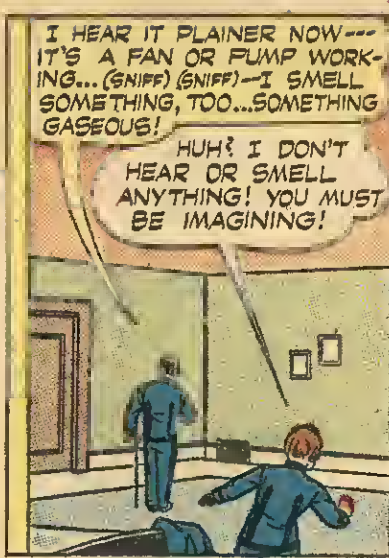
GO AHEAD, BOYS. I'LL STAY HERE, AND WALK AROUND A BIT.



MOMENTS AFTER---

I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING KIT?... SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, BILL?

I HEAR SOMETHING-- A STRANGE SOUND.. IT'S LIKE A FLUTTER, LIKE BUTTERFLY WINGS...BUT NO...

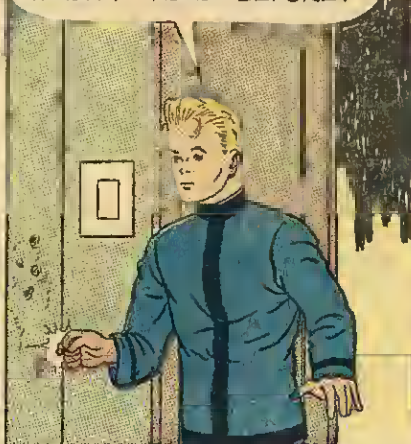


KIT FINDS AN EMPTY ROOM...

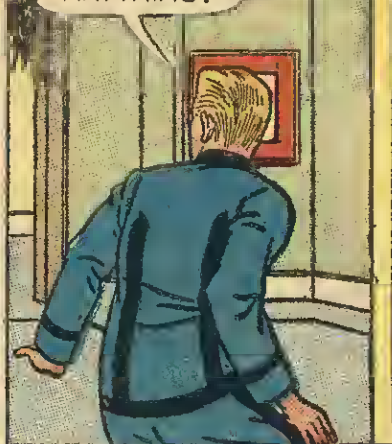
THEY MUST HAVE GOT TIRED WAITING AND LEFT. (YAWN)--I'M GETTING SLEEPY....WHAT'S THAT ON THE FLOOR?



BILL'S SIGNET RING....
WONDER HOW HE...HMM--
THOSE PIECES OF PLASTER
WEREN'T HERE BEFORE!



SOMETHING HAPPENED
HERE ALL RIGHT. I'LL ASK
JOHN IF HE HEARD
ANYTHING!



JOHN'S NOT UP HERE!
MAYBE HE'S IN THE
BASEMENT!

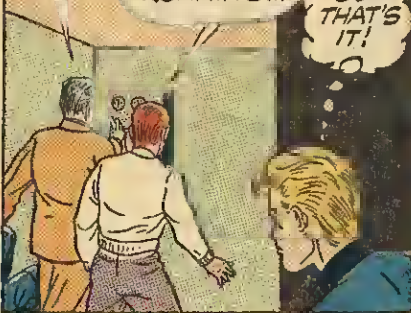


DEFENSED BY ALARM, KIT
RACES DOWN.

I'LL TURN
THE SWITCH
ON FULL
FORCE
NOW!

YEH--THE
STRONGEST
DOSE. THIS
GAS'LL PUT
CARTER OUT OF
THE
RUNNING...

SO--
THAT'S
IT!



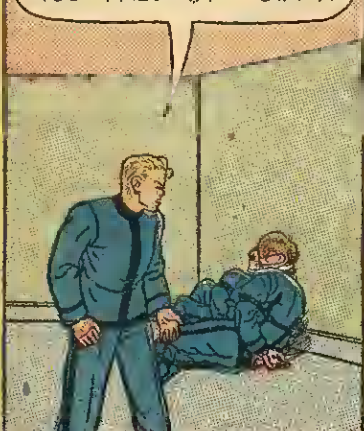
AN AGILE SPRING, AND--

HAVE A DOSE OF MY
SPECIAL TREATMENT!



AS THE CRIME DUO
TUMBLE, KIT SEES--

DAN! BILL! I'LL HAVE
YOU FREE IN A JIFFY!



BUT-- LUCKY I RECOVERED
IN TIME --MAKE ONE
MORE MOVE, CARTER, AND
YOUR FALS DIE--I'M AN
A-1 SHOT!



I CAN'T RISK THEIR
LIVES. IT'S YOUR ROUND,
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN
IT'S YOUR GAME, JOHN!

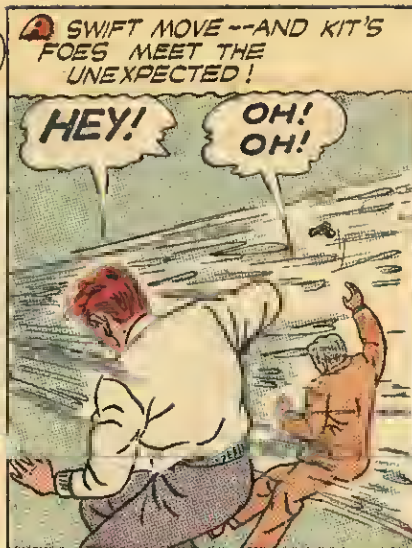
NOT MUCH...
NOW...





THE JUMP'S ON YOU!

THAT FAUCET-- IF I CAN REACH IT---



A SWIFT MOVE--AND KIT'S FOES MEET THE UNEXPECTED!

HEY!

OH! OH!



THE ENEMY, OFF-GUARD, KIT TAKES FURTHER SPEEDY ACTION.

NOW, I'VE GOT THE GUN. JOHN, RELEASE THOSE CADETS. RED--STAY WHERE YOU ARE---OR ELSE--I'M AN EXCELLENT SHOT!



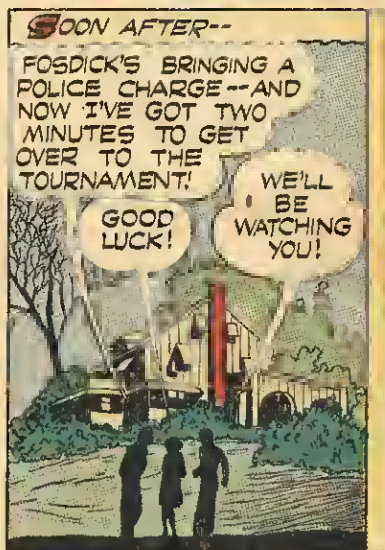
ARE YOU FELLOWS ALL RIGHT?

ALL RIGHT... I **CAN SEE!** THAT BLOW ON MY HEAD HAS BROUGHT BACK MY SIGHT!

GOSH, THAT'S TERRIFIC!--AND NOW, LET'S FINISH WITH THESE BABIES...



GET MOVING, YOU TWO! WE'RE GOING TO THE CLUBHOUSE! MR. FOSDICK WILL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH YOU!

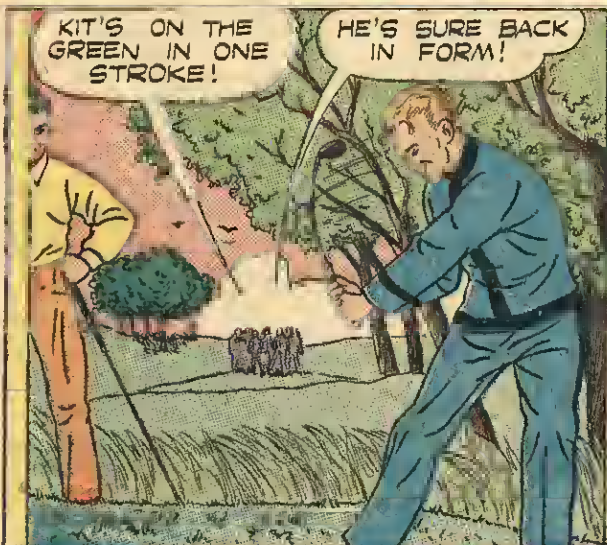


SOON AFTER--

FOSDICK'S BRINGING A POLICE CHARGE--AND NOW I'VE GOT TWO MINUTES TO GET OVER TO THE TOURNAMENT!

GOOD LUCK!

WE'LL BE WATCHING YOU!



KIT'S ON THE GREEN IN ONE STROKE!

HE'S SURE BACK IN FORM!



AND KIT WINS THE TOURNAMENT!

CONGRATULATIONS! AND MAY I ASK WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO WITH \$1,000?

GIVE IT TO ANY CHARITY BILL HOLLIS NAMES!

WHO IS THE CHAMELEON?
READ TARGET COMICS

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM



IT SAYS HERE THAT A SHARP NOSE INDICATES CURIOSITY !!!

YEAH, 'N A FLATTENED ONE INDICATES TOO MUCH CURIOSITY !!!



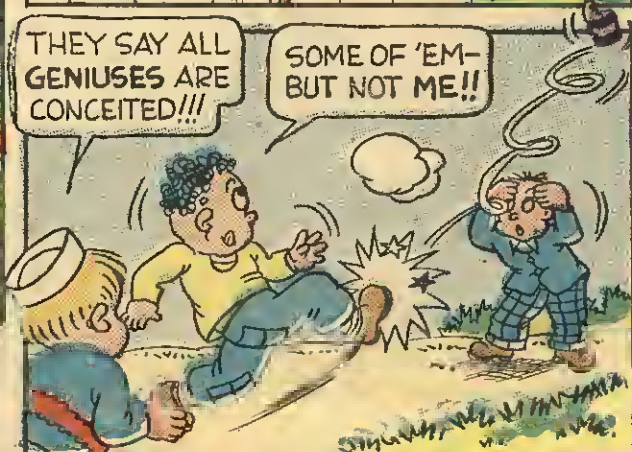
WHY IS DOIN' NOTHIN' SO TIRESOME, GORDIE?

'CAUSE YOU CAN'T STOP 'N REST !!!



THEY SAY ALL GENIUSES ARE CONCEITED !!!

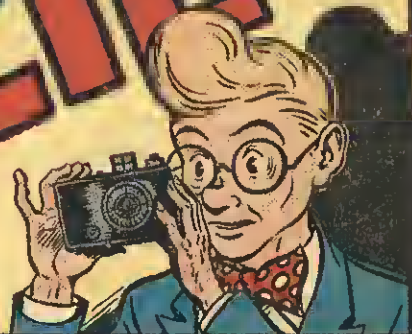
SOME OF 'EM—BUT NOT ME !!



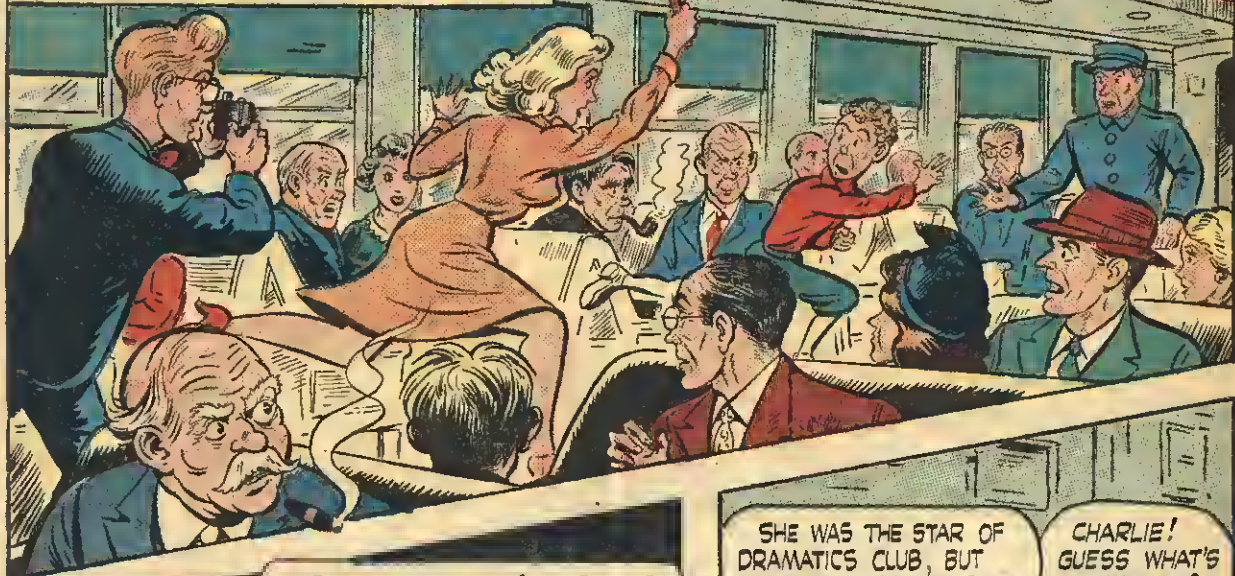
CANDID

CHARLIE

Drawn by HARVEY K. FULLER



AN EX-LENSVILLE BELLE, NOW A FAMOUS MOVIE STAR, TRIES TO GIVE HER OLD CHUMS THE BRUSH-OFF, BUT CHARLIE AND HIS CAMERA CLICK ONCE AGAIN WITH STARTLING RESULTS!

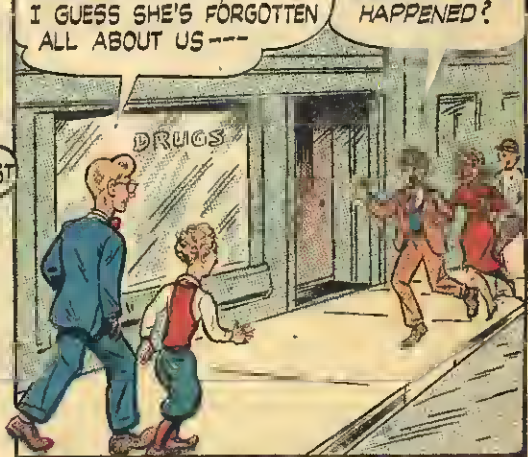
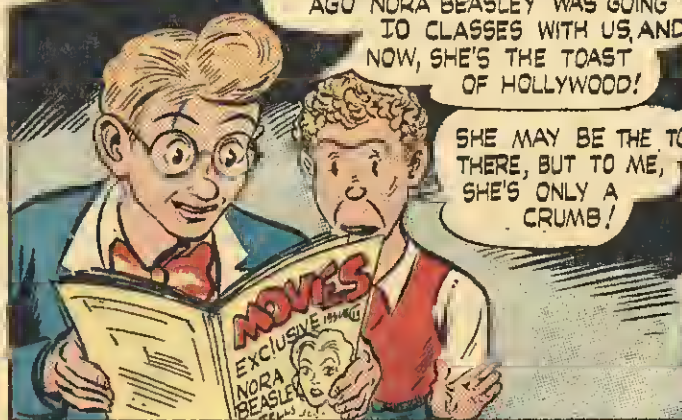


JUST THINK, MERKIN! TWO YEARS AGO NORA BEASLEY WAS GOING TO CLASSES WITH US, AND NOW, SHE'S THE TOAST OF HOLLYWOOD!

SHE MAY BE THE TOAST THERE, BUT TO ME, SHE'S ONLY A CRUMB!

SHE WAS THE STAR OF DRAMATICS CLUB, BUT I GUESS SHE'S FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT US ---

CHARLIE! GUESS WHAT'S HAPPENED?



QUESTION No. 15. Is Margaret O'Brien an authoress, a movie actress, or a singer?

I WROTE NORA BEASLEY, ASKING HER TO APPEAR IN ONE OF OUR SCHOOL PLAYS, IF SHE EVER PASSED THROUGH LENSVILLE, AND I GOT AN ANSWER!

LET'S SEE!

Dear Miss Lynn
Nora says she will be delighted to appear in your production. Fortunately, she can stop over at lensville this wednesday...
Sincerely,
Lila Brack
(Secretary)

GOLLY! SO NORA ISN'T STUCK-UP, AFTER ALL!

YOW! IT'S TERRIFIC! IMAGINE A REAL STAR IN OUR SHOW!

AND TODAY'S WEDNESDAY! WE'VE GOTTA GIVE HER A BIG WELCOME! SHE'LL BE HERE IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!

YIPPEE!
HERE SHE COMES!



A FEW HOURS LATER--

FINE PRESS AGENT YOU ARE! HOW DARE YOU MAKE SUCH ASININE PLANS WITHOUT CONSULTING ME?

AW, NORA, BE A SPORT!

WELCOME, NORA!

WHERE IS SHE?

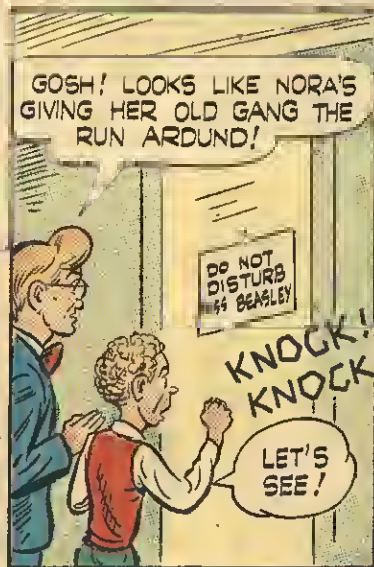
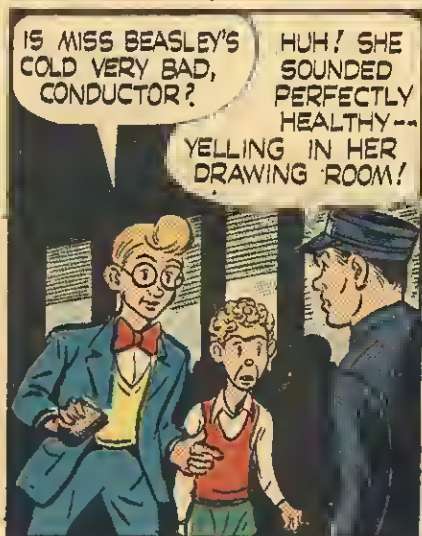
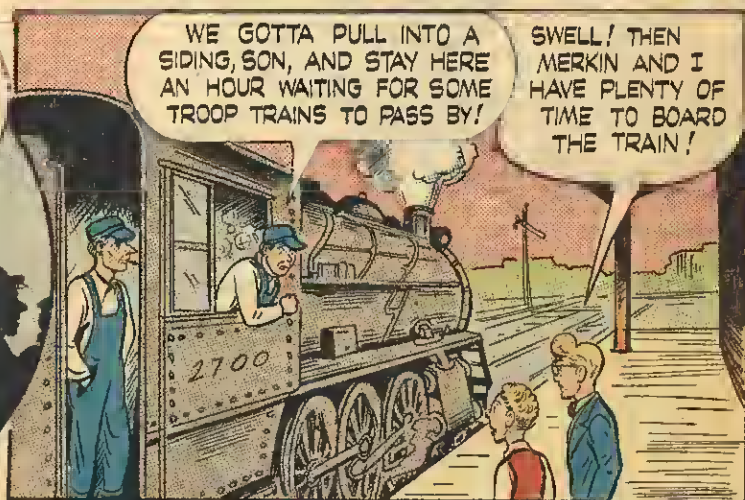
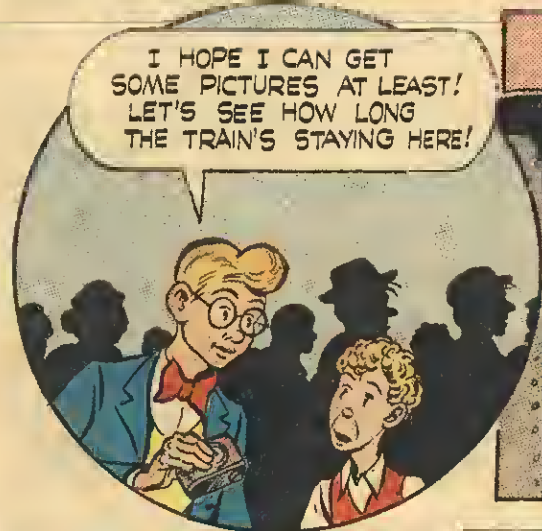
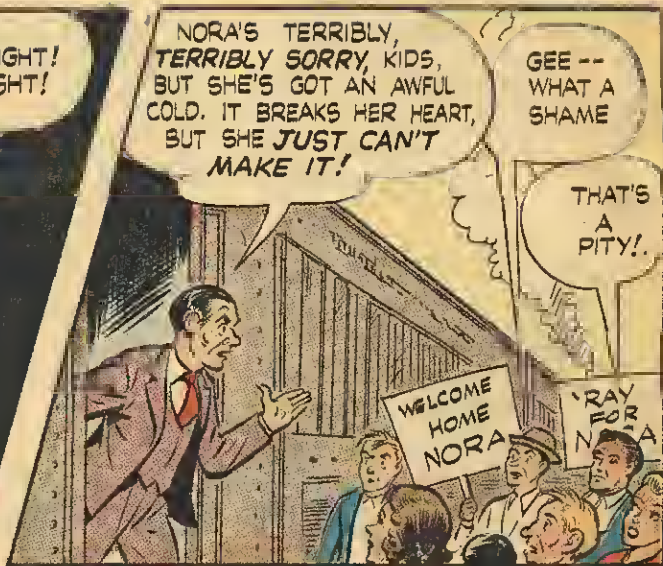
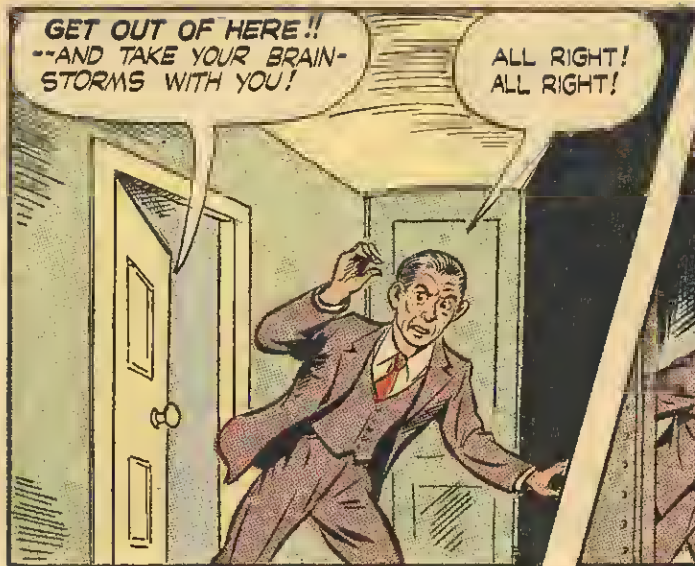
BUT--INSIDE THE TRAIN--

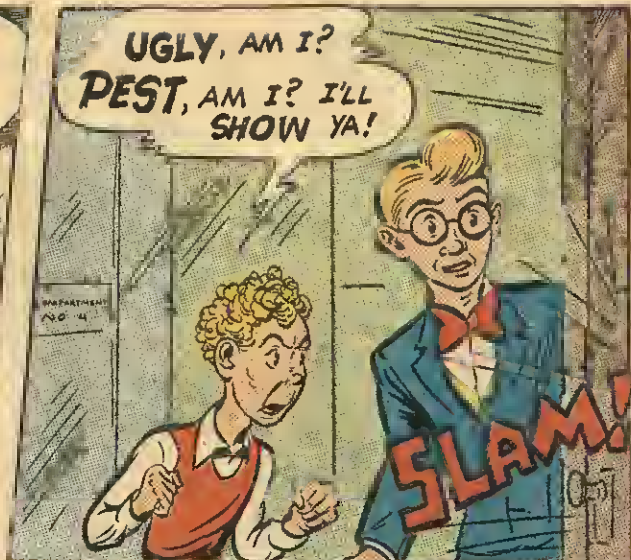
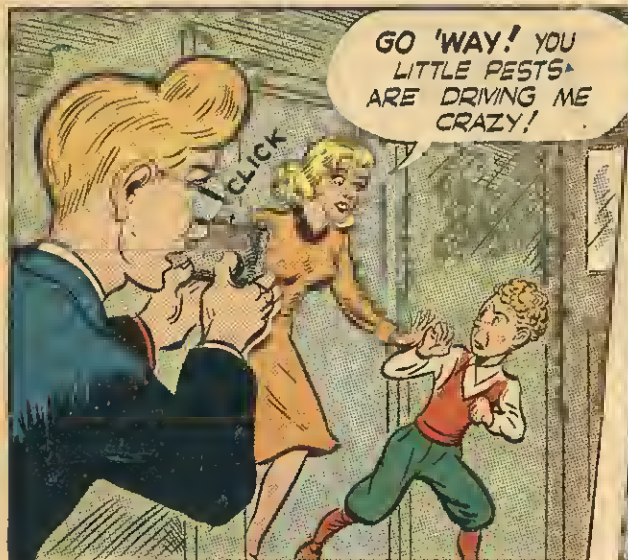
THINK OF THE PUBLICITY! HOME TOWN GIRL STARS ON LOCAL STAGE. "HERE'S WHERE MY HEART BELONGS," SHE SAYS... THE PUBLIC WILL EAT IT UP!

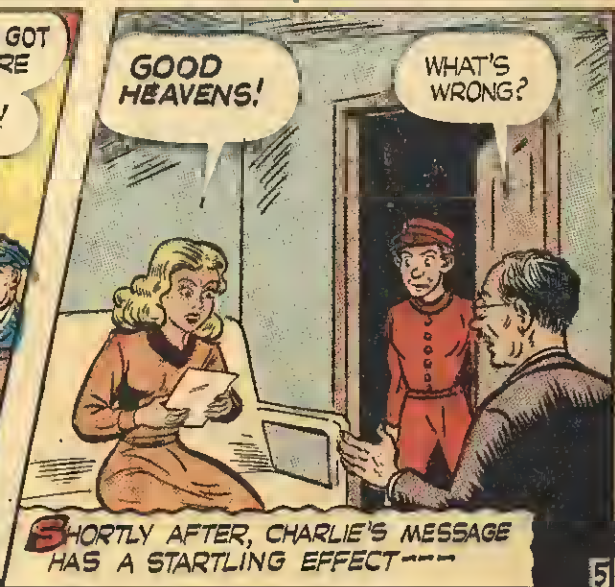
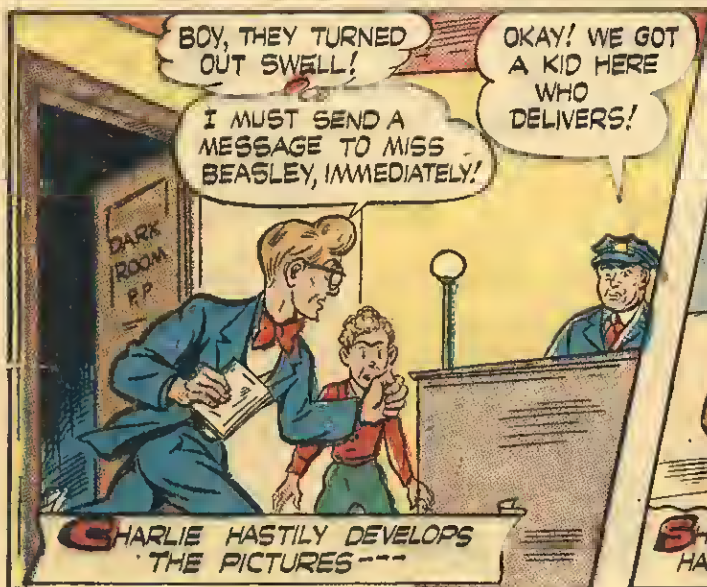
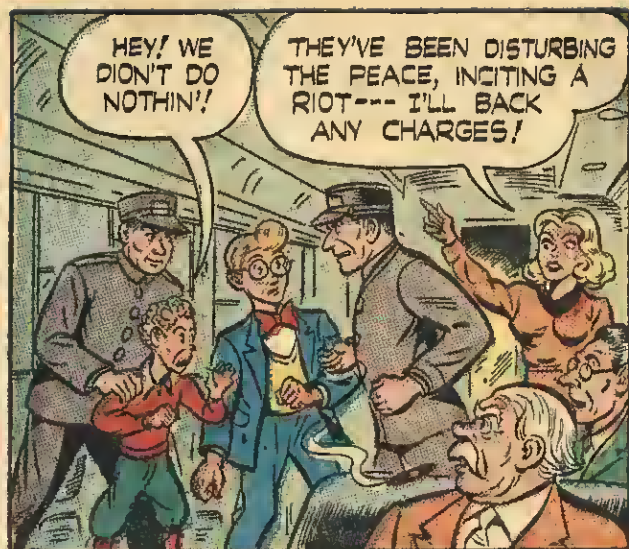
NOT A CHANCE!

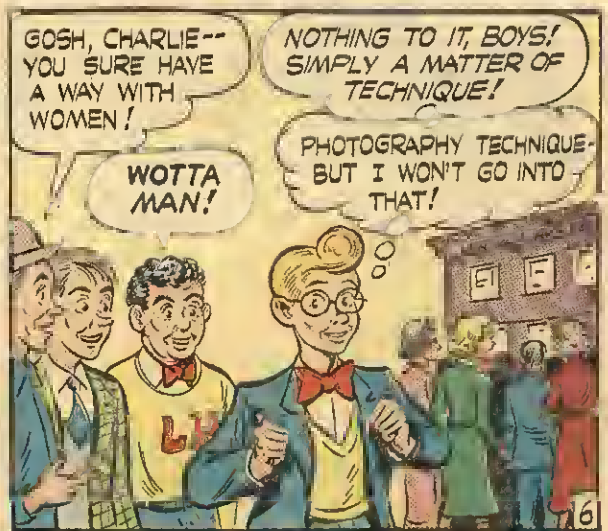
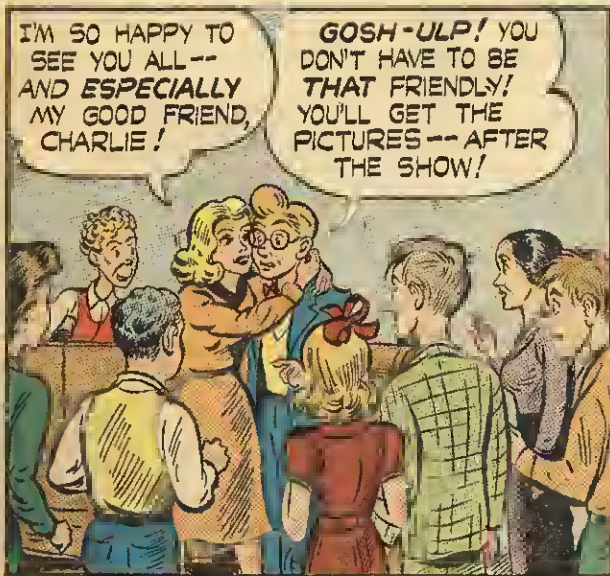
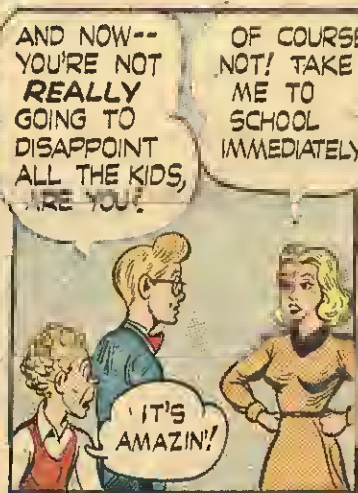
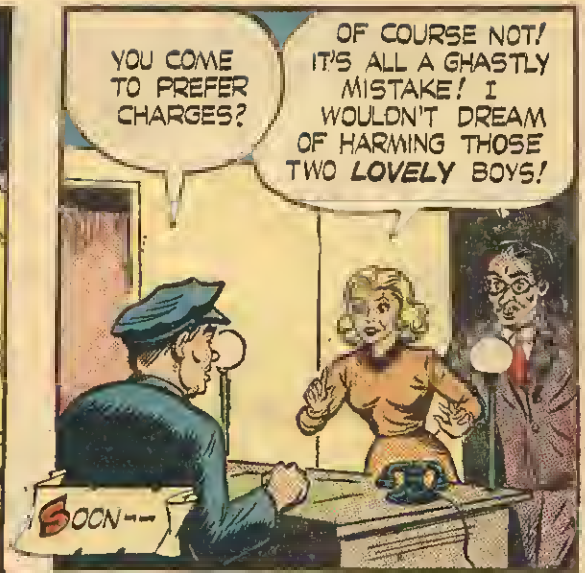
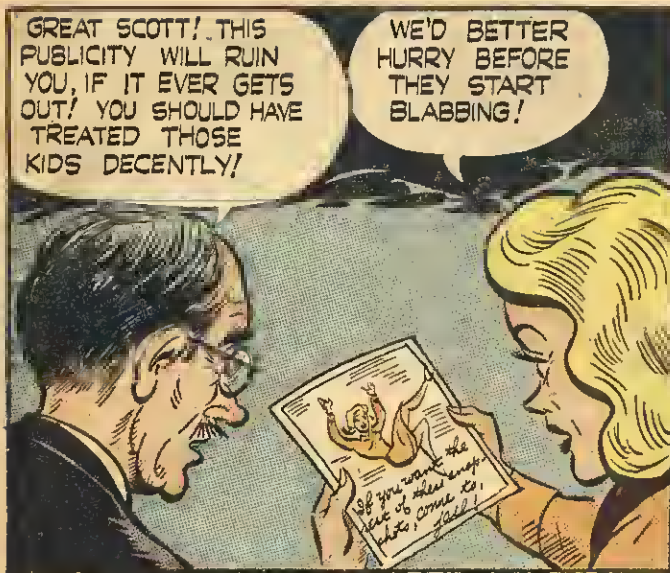
I COULDN'T BEAR PLAYING WITH THOSE SILLY BRATS--PUBLICITY OR NO PUBLICITY!

BUT, NORA!









BOBBY SHELBY ★ at the RINGLING CIRCUS

BOY! LOOK AT THOSE WALLENDAS RIDE!

SHUCKS, BOBBY IT JUST TAKES PRACTICE

LOOK, BOBBY! JUST LIKE THE WALLENDAS

BETTER WATCH IT - IT PAYS TO PLAY SAFE

BOBBY'S PAL HIT A LOOSE STONE - SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

"BOBBY WAS RIGHT IT PAYS TO PLAY SAFE!"

Every time! Your dad and mother can tell you it pays to play safe in buying a bike, too. That's why so many thousands of kids have such a swell time with their safe, smooth Shelbys. Write me today for the dandy color folder telling all about 'em!"

Bobby Shelby

THE SHELBY CYCLE COMPANY
SHELBY 1, OHIO

For Smooth, Safe Cycling Fun . . .



Ride

The SHELBY
AMERICA'S QUALITY BICYCLE



WANNA HEAR MY IMITATION OF A NUT, HUH ???

YOU DO IT, 'N I'LL CRACK YOU ONE!!

WHAT D'YA MEAN, ALL TH' PEOPLE IN CHICAGO ARE SICK, GORDIE ??

'CAUSE EVERY TIME I GET A LETTER FROM MY UNCLE LOUIE, IT SAYS ON TH' ENVELOPE-CHICAGO, ILL.!!!

WOT D'YA MEAN, THAT'S A WAR SUIT YER WEARIN', HUH ???

MY POP WORE IT, MY BROTHER WORE IT, 'N I WORE IT!!!

HMMM-PUSSYWILLOW! (SNIFF-SNIFF)

MILY HAMME

SNIFF

MERKIN GERKIN

BY
B.G.GUTH.

I GOTTA GET ME GOIL SOME
CANDY FER HER
BOITDAY!

ZANIES
Landies.

GIMME DAT
ONE.

AH!

SWEETHEART
SPECIAL 69¢

YOU MUST LET ME FIX IT
LID ---

BUT!

ESPECIALLY SINCE IT'S FOR
YOUR SWEETHEART!

WE'LL PUT SOME
MORE OF THESE IN.

AND, SOME OF THESE!

NOW! LOOK AT IT! **DELICIOUS.**
ISN'T IT?

AN HOW!

I'M GONNA **EAT IT NOW!** --
TOO GOOD TA WASTE IT ON
A GOIL !!

FLOP

HUMDINGER—THE LAST WORD IN
NEW COMIC ENJOYMENT

Get THIS BIG 10 UNIT SUPER STAMP OUTFIT

Free

WITH THIS OFFER

Includes Stamp Album.. Stamp Packets & Supplies..
Magnifying Glass... All These FREE With This Offer

Whether you are a stamp collector or not, here is an opportunity to get FREE such an amazing outfit that it seems almost unbelievable... All kinds of choice stamps and stamp materials... Wonderful supplies which you will spend weeks enjoying... and years of delightful possession. All these are yours FREE & CLEAR by accepting our offer on the wonderbook of adventures and treasures, "Fabulous Stamps"... You don't have to buy any "approvals"... All these stamps and items are yours FREE.

One of the FREE items in this Big 10-UNIT Collection is the extraordinary, picture-packed Album shown here. It contains thousands of illustrations of stamps under HUNDREDS of different countries... and additional spaces for thousands of other stamps...

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This great book, FABULOUS STAMPS, tells astounding stories, and gives information which may lead you to a fortune. It gives the complete histories of marvelous stamps, and is full of pictures... It tells how people have made fortunes out of different stamps... Only a person like John W. Nicklin, the well-known stamp dealer and

author, with his lifetime knowledge, could have written these exciting, fortune-making stories and facts... Whether you are young or old, a stamp collector or not, doesn't matter. These true adventures of discovered treasures show you how you too might make your fortune in discovering valuable stamps. So don't delay. Send for it today.

ALL THESE Free

- 1 A Great Magnifying Glass, Strong Lens, Optically Ground & Polished.
- 2 Wonder Packet of Odd & Queer Stamps, including Triangle, Diamond, Giant, and Midget.
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MERILEE PEDDELS

HELPS BETTY
MAKE
NEW FRIENDS

EVER SINCE WE
MOVED HERE YOU'VE
BEEN MOPING AROUND
THE HOUSE, BETTY
—WHY DON'T YOU
PLAY OUTDOORS?



BUT, MOM, I
DON'T KNOW
ANYONE TO
PLAY WITH
IN THIS OL'
TOWN!

HM-M! WELL
I MUST GET
DOWN TO THE
OFFICE, MY
DEARS



ARE YOU GOING
TO ASK THAT NEW
GIRL TO YOUR BIKE
PARTY, MERILEE?



I'D LIKE TO,
SALLY, BUT
SHE DOESN'T
HAVE A BIKE

OH-OH!
THAT GIVES
ME AN IDEA

THAT
EVENING

I WISH
WE'D NEVER
MOVED HERE

BETTY HAS BEEN
INDOORS AGAIN ALL
DAY, GEORGE—WHAT
ARE WE GOING TO
DO WITH HER?

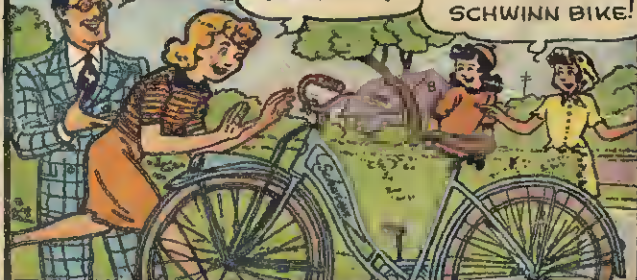
I THINK I'VE
GOT THE ANSWER
DEAR—OK, BETTY
COME OUT IN THE
YARD A MINUTE



IT'S ALL YOURS,
HONEY—HOW DO
YOU LIKE IT?

OH DADDY, DADDY!
A BIKE—A BIKE!
WHEW! WHAT A
BEAUTY!

LOOK!
MERILEE,
HE GAVE HER
A STREAMLINED
SCHWINN BIKE!



GEE! THANKS, DADDY
—I'LL BET IT WON'T
TAKE ME LONG TO
LEARN TO RIDE
THIS BIKE!

OH, WE'LL
SHOW YOU!
WON'T WE,
MERILEE?

YOU BET! IT'S
EASY—AN' I
WISH YOU'D COME
TO MY BIKE
PARTY SATURDAY



LATER

I KNOW LOTS OF KIDS NOW—GEE
I'M GLAD WE MOVED HERE, BUT
I'M GLADDER FOR MY
SCHWINN BIKE!



HEY! KIDS—

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MOVIE STAR-BICYCLE FOLDER

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